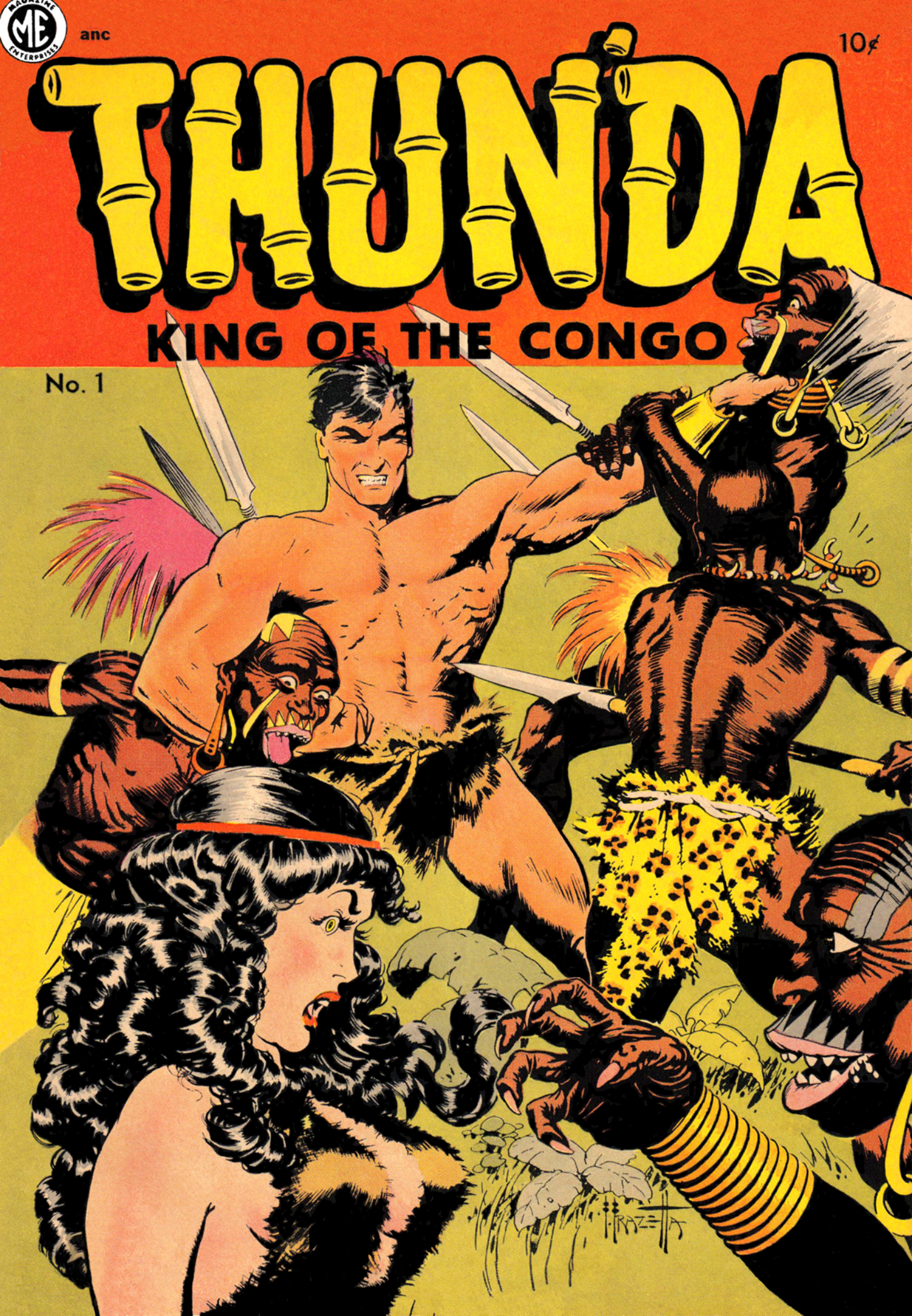
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THUNDA
KING OF THE CONGO
No. 1
FRAZETTA

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Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
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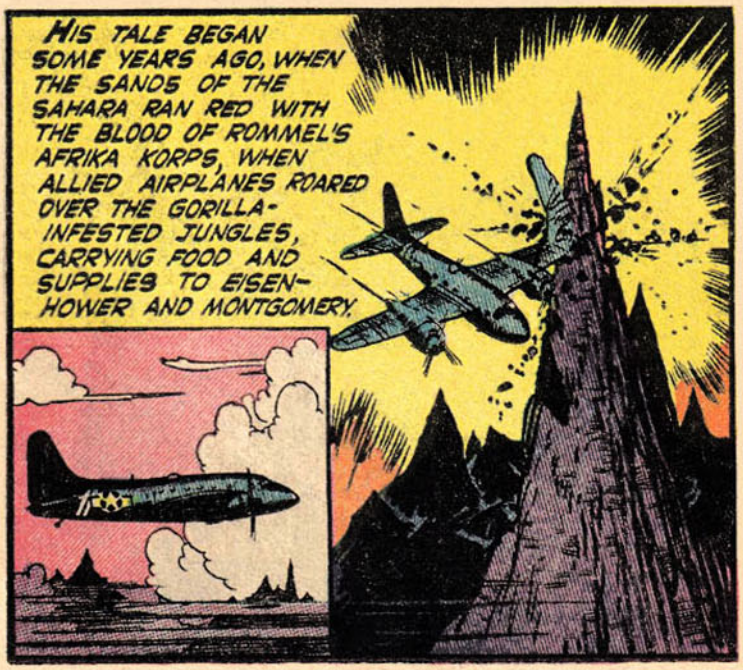
THUNDA

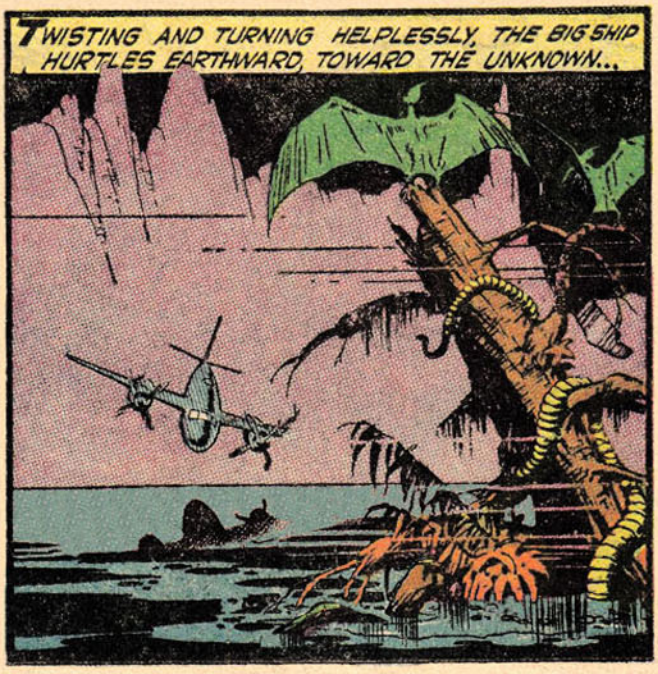
DEEP IN THE MIST AND FOG OF AFRICA IS A LOST LAND, A LAND REPORTED BY AVIATORS —BUT A COUNTRY UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZATION, WHERE STRENGTH IS KING, AND THE WEAK DIE OR ARE CONQUERED!

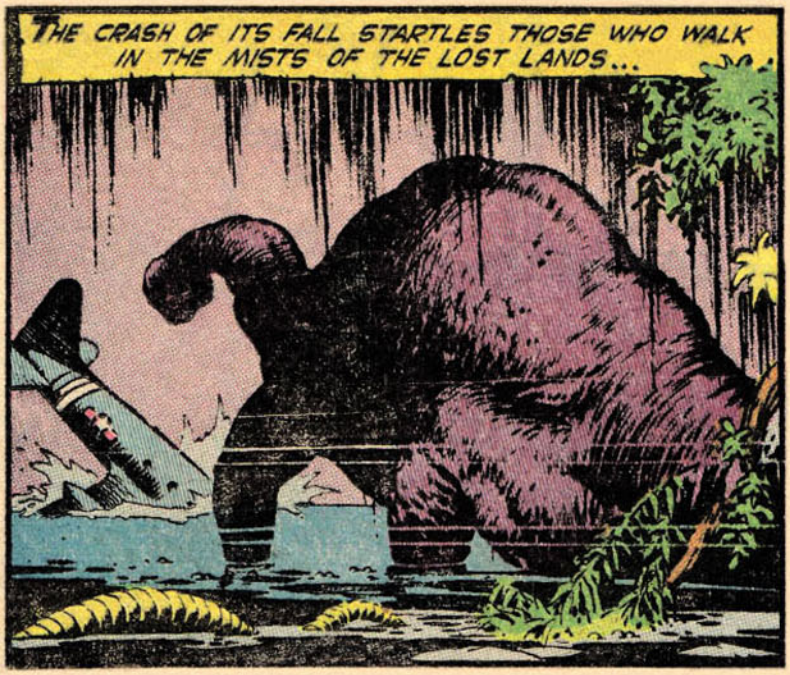
STRANGE TALES HAVE BEEN TOLD OF MASTODONIC MONSTERS THAT ROAM THIS MISTY WORLD, STORIES OF ARMORED GIANTS THAT BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN SWAMPY WATERS AND WHO ROCK THE EARTH ITSELF WITH THE FURY OF THEIR COMBAT! YET NO TALE IS SO STRANGE AS THAT WHICH CONCERNS HIM WHO STROKED THE ANCIENT DRUM OF KALLA THE CRUEL, WHO ROSE BY WIT AND MUSCLE TO THE ALTAR OF HARNN, THE MAN OF THE OUTER WORLD WHO BECAME —

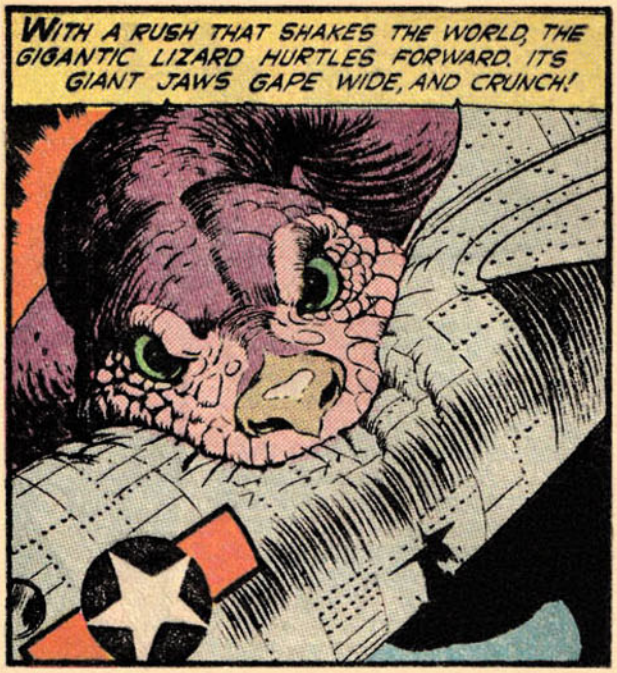
"KING OF THE LOST LANDS"

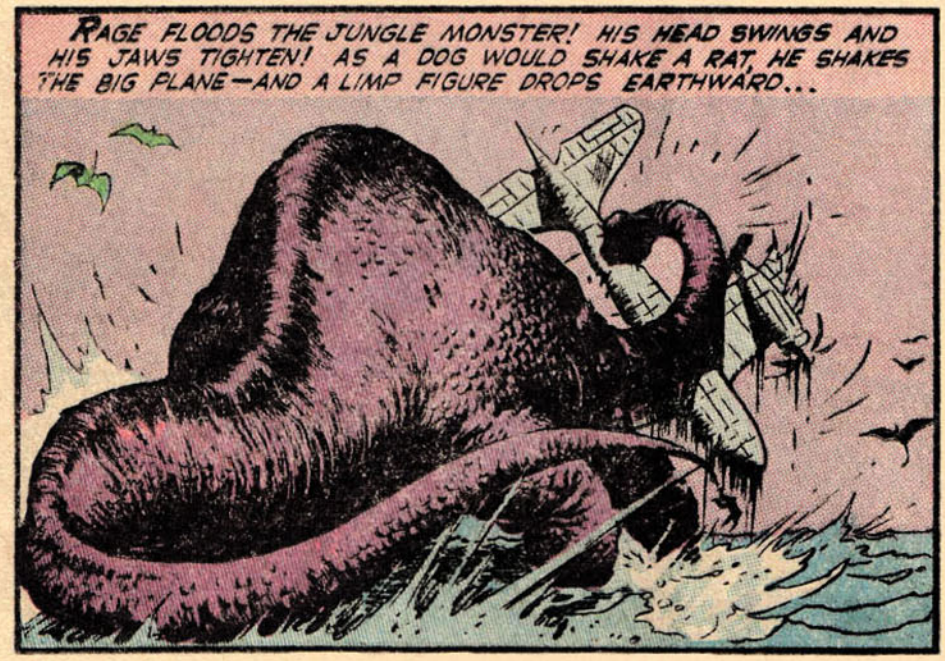
by FRANK FRAZETTA

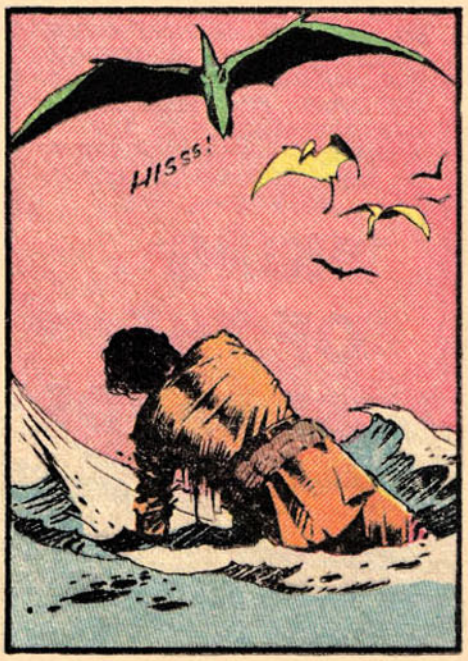


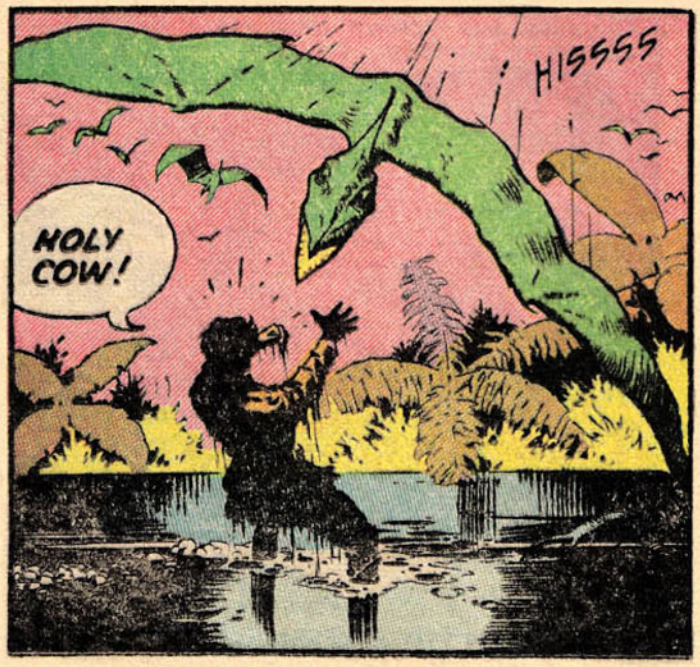


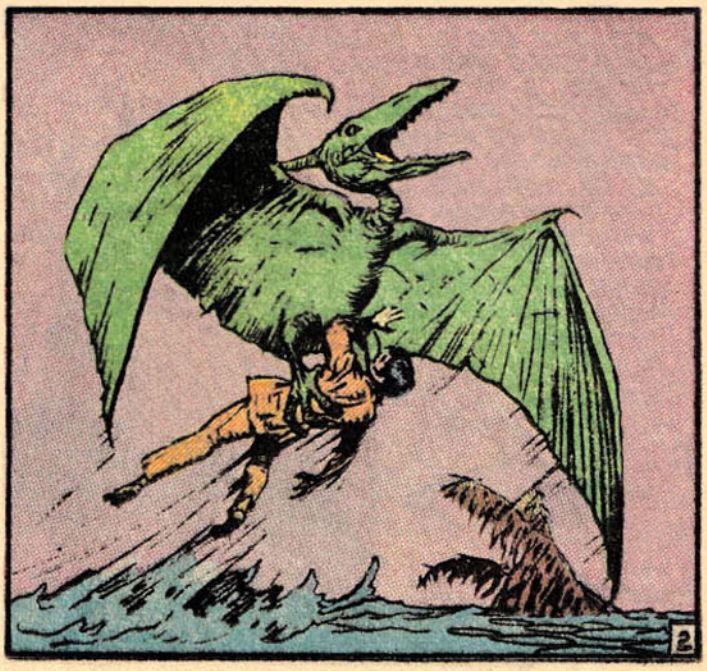

THE CRASH OF ITS FALL STARTLES THOSE WHO WALK IN THE MISTS OF THE LOST LANDS...


WITH A RUSH THAT SHAKES THE WORLD, THE GIGANTIC LIZARD HURTLES FORWARD. ITS GIANT JAWS GAPE WIDE, AND CRUNCH!


RAGE FLOODS THE JUNGLE MONSTER! HIS HEAD SWINGS AND HIS JAWS TIGHTEN! AS A DOG WOULD SHAKE A RAT, HE SHAKES THE BIG PLANE—AND A LIMP FIGURE DROPS EARTHWARD...

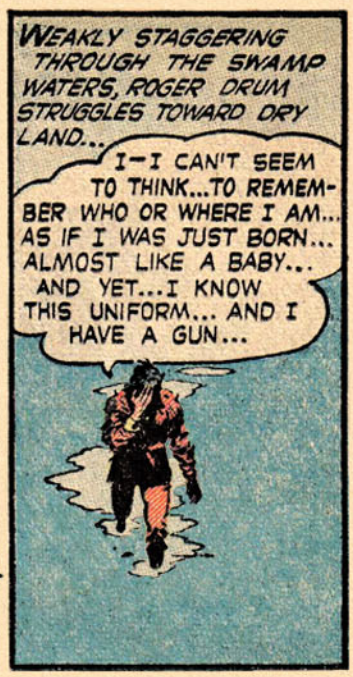

HISSS!

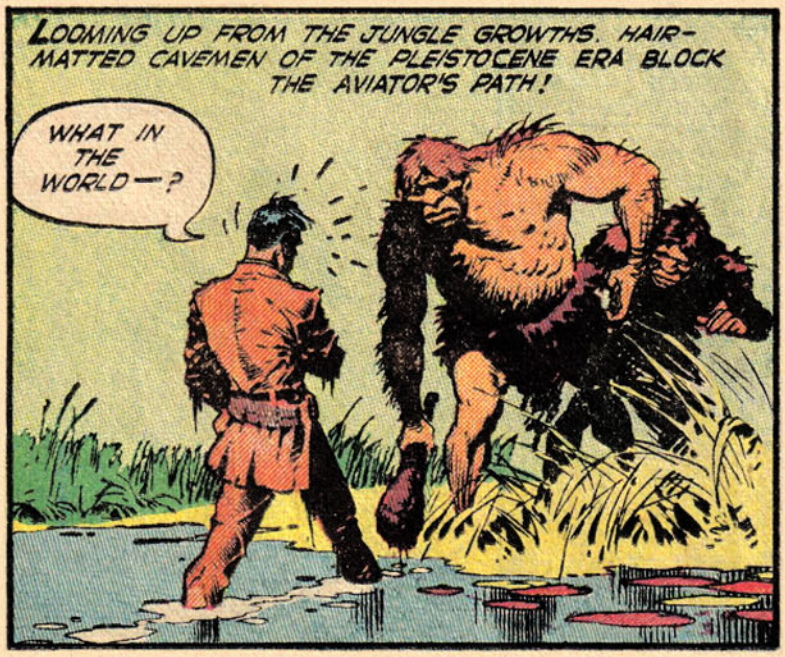

HISSSS
HOLY COW!



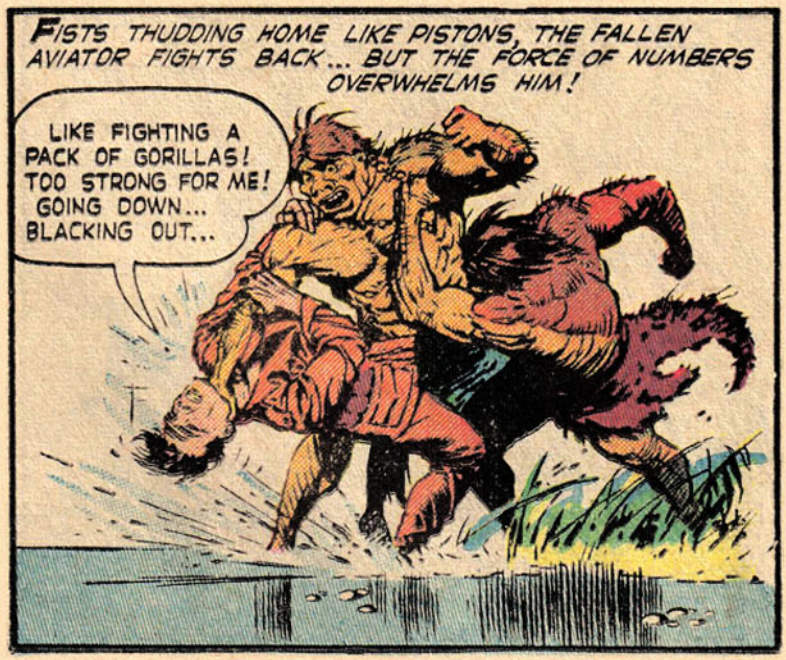
ONLY HAVE SEVEN SHOTS IN THIS AUTOMATIC... GOT TO MAKE EACH ONE COUNT!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

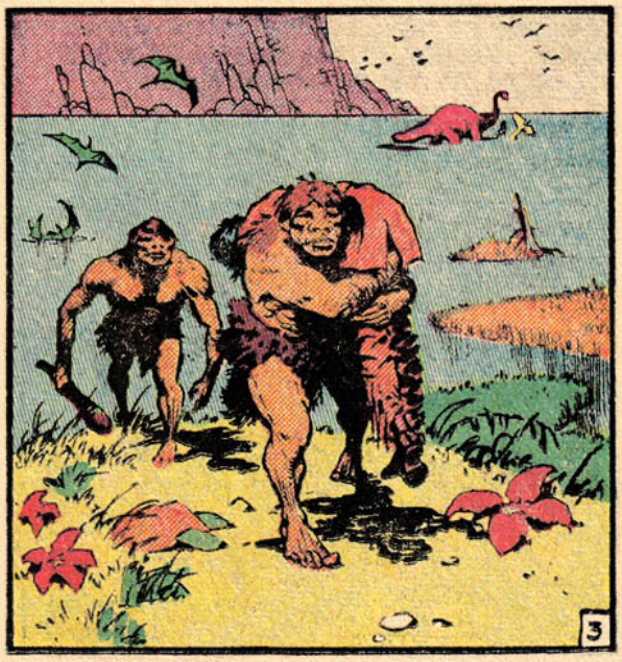
IT'S DEAD —WHATEVER IT IS!


WEAKLY STAGGERING THROUGH THE SWAMP WATERS, ROGER DRUM STRUGGLES TOWARD DRY LAND...
I—I CAN'T SEEM TO THINK...TO REMEMBER WHO OR WHERE I AM... AS IF I WAS JUST BORN... ALMOST LIKE A BABY... AND YET...I KNOW THIS UNIFORM... AND I HAVE A GUN...

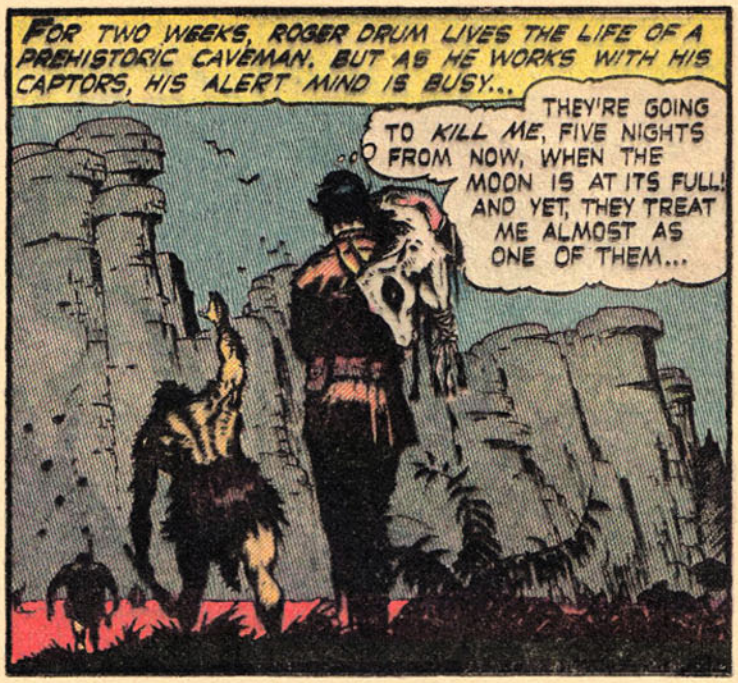

LOOMING UP FROM THE JUNGLE GROWTHS, HAIR-MATTED CAVEMEN OF THE PLEISTOCENE ERA BLOCK THE AVIATOR'S PATH!
WHAT IN THE WORLD—?

THEY SURE DON'T STAND ON CEREMONY HERE. THEY SEE YOU AND—WHAM! —CHARGE IN TO KILL YOU!


FISTS THUDDING HOME LIKE PISTONS, THE FALLEN AVIATOR FIGHTS BACK... BUT THE FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMS HIM!
LIKE FIGHTING A PACK OF GORILLAS! TOO STRONG FOR ME! GOING DOWN... BLACKING OUT...



THROUGH THE JUNGLE DEPTHS AND ACROSS A MEADOW, THE APELIKE CREATURES CARRY ROGER DRUM, AND THEY MOVE UPWARDS, TO THE CAVE HOMES OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS...


FOR TWO WEEKS, ROGER DRUM LIVES THE LIFE OF A PREHISTORIC CAVEMAN. BUT AS HE WORKS WITH HIS CAPTORS, HIS ALERT MIND IS BUSY...
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME, FIVE NIGHTS FROM NOW, WHEN THE MOON IS AT ITS FULL! AND YET, THEY TREAT ME ALMOST AS ONE OF THEM...

THEY THINK I'M SO WEAK AND SCRAWNY, THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR—THAT I'LL NEVER RUN AWAY! BUT IF I'M EVER GOING TO MAKE MY ESCAPE—NOW'S THE BEST TIME FOR IT!

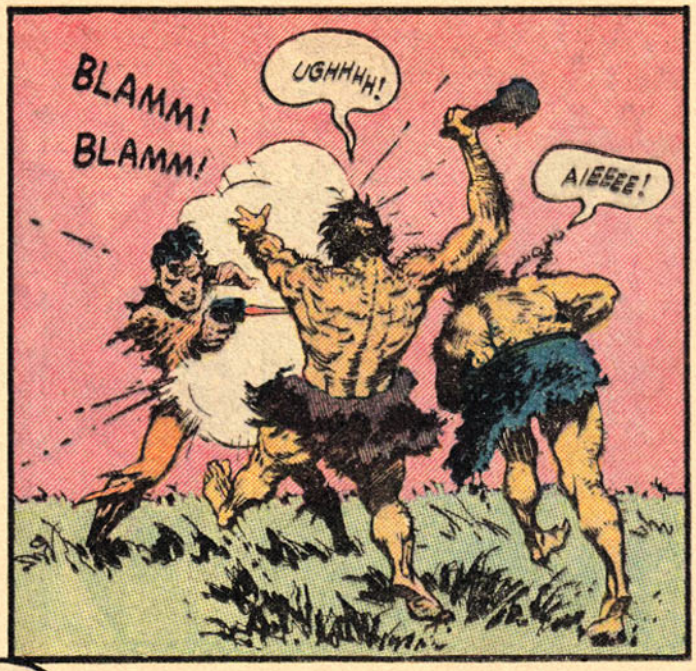
WITH EVERY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE CAN SUMMON UP, THE AVIATOR PUSHES THE CLIFFSIDE LADDERS AWAY, TOPPLING THEM OVER TO THE GROUND—
IT'LL TAKE 'EM A LONG TIME TO CLIMB DOWN HERE, WITHOUT THESE LADDERS!

AND BY THAT TIME, I'LL LOSE MYSELF DEEP IN THESE MISTY JUNGLES!

UNKNOWN TO THE YOUNG AVIATOR, A HUNTING PARTY ARRIVES AT THE CLIFFS AND LIFTS A LADDER TO THE CAVE HOMES...
HE GOT AWAY!
AI! KILL HIM RIGHT IN JUNGLE! NOT WAIT FOR NEW MOON!
WE GO AFTER HIM!

ON FEET AS SILENT AS THOSE OF THE TIGER, THREE BURLY CAVEMEN TAKE UP THE PURSUIT...

OH-OH! THREE OF THEM! GUESS I COUNTED MY CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'D HATCHED! BUT I'VE A LITTLE SURPRISE OF MY OWN FOR YOU GENTLEMEN...


BLAMM! BLAMM!
UGHHHH!
AIEEEE!

MOOGO KILL!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, FELLA—!

IT'S YOU OR ME— AND I LIKE LIFE A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DO A FADE-OUT NOW!
AIEEEE!

SECONDS LATER...
WHEN THEY FIND YOU THREE... IF THEY EVER DO... MAYBE THEY'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT COMING AFTER ME...

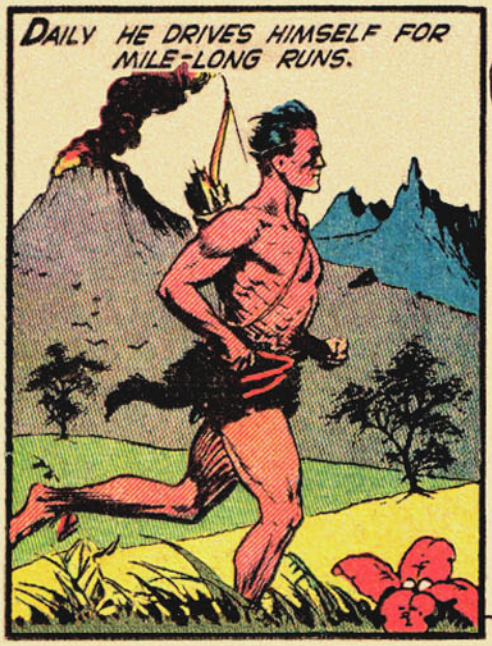
AND SO ROGER DRUM MOVES ON, INTO THE JUNGLES OF THE LOST LANDS, TO LOSE HIMSELF FROM THE SIGHT OF MEN...
MY GUN...ONLY THREE SHOTS LEFT! MUST MAKE MYSELF SOME WEAPONS... LEARN TO USE THEM... THEN MAYBE I CAN STAND UP TO THE TERRORS OF THIS STRANGE WORLD...

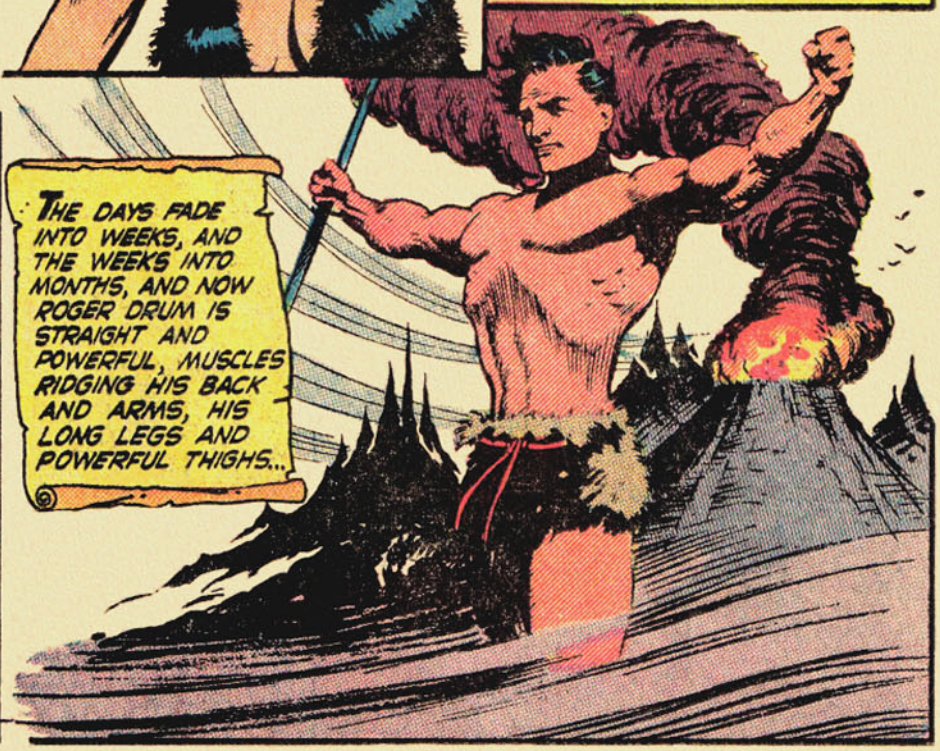
SOME MILES AWAY, A FILE OF TALL, CLEAR-EYED MEN MOVE EASILY ALONG A TWISTED PATH LEADING DOWNWARD INTO THE MISTY VALLEY...
THE CAVE PEOPLE ARE AS NUMEROUS AS GNATS ON THE HIDE OF A SABRETOOTH TIGER. IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY WE COULD MAKE THEM FEAR US...
WE ARE AN OLD, DYING RACE, PHA THEY ARE YOUNGER. SOON THEY WILL KILL ALL US VALLEY PEOPLE...

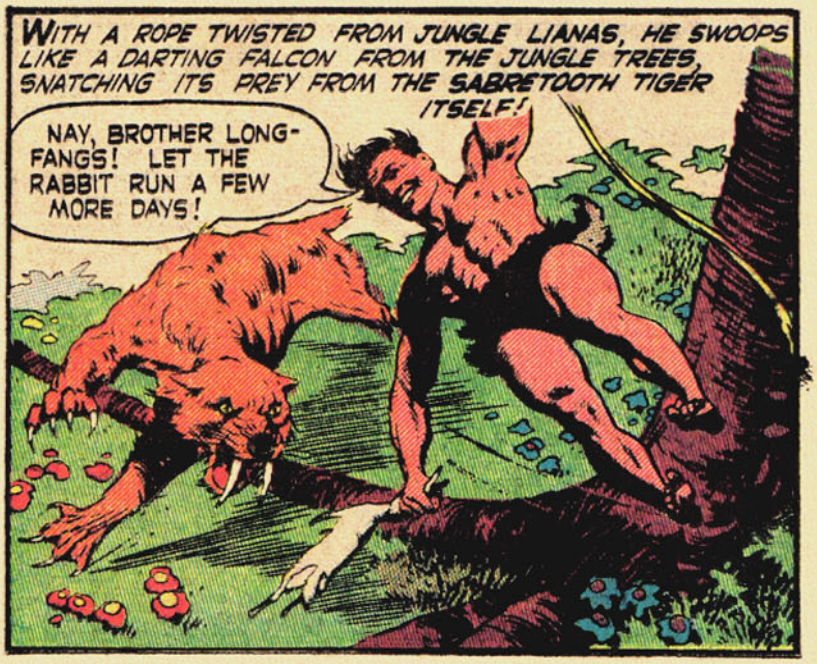
A MAN! BUT— BUT HE IS NO CAVE-MAN! HE—HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF US! PERHAPS THERE ARE MORE ENEMIES THAT WE OF SHAREEN MUST FACE! ≋SIGH≋

WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES! THE MEN AND WOMEN OF SHAREEN ARE SO FEW IN NUMBER, WE DARE NOT BE SEEN BY OTHER ENEMIES!

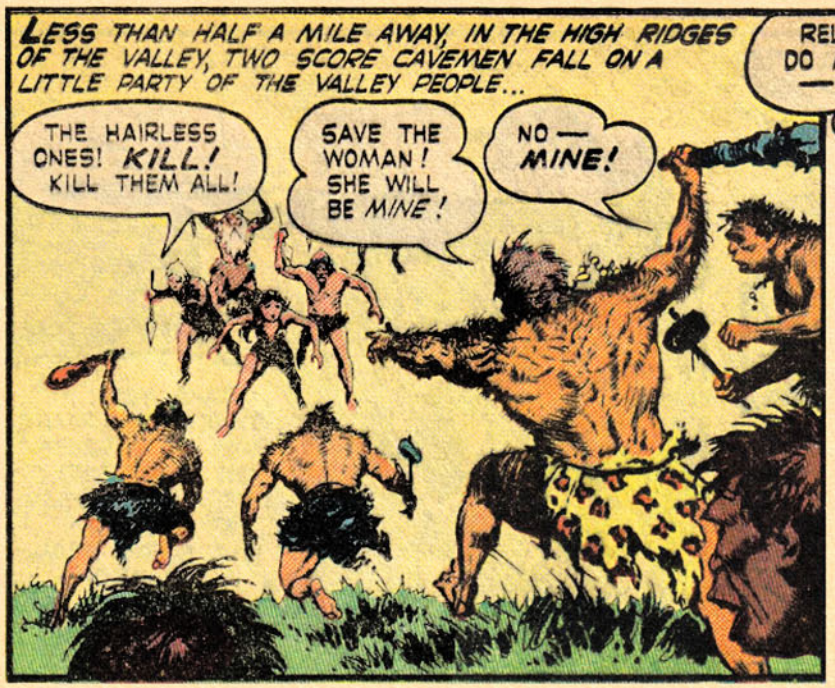
ALONE IN THE JUNGLE, ROGER DRUM SETS TO WORK, CHOOSING A LEAN SAPLING FOR ITS STRENGTH.
A BOW AND ARROWS— AND HOURS OF LONG PRACTICE—WILL DO THE TRICK!


DAILY HE DRIVES HIMSELF FOR MILE-LONG RUNS.

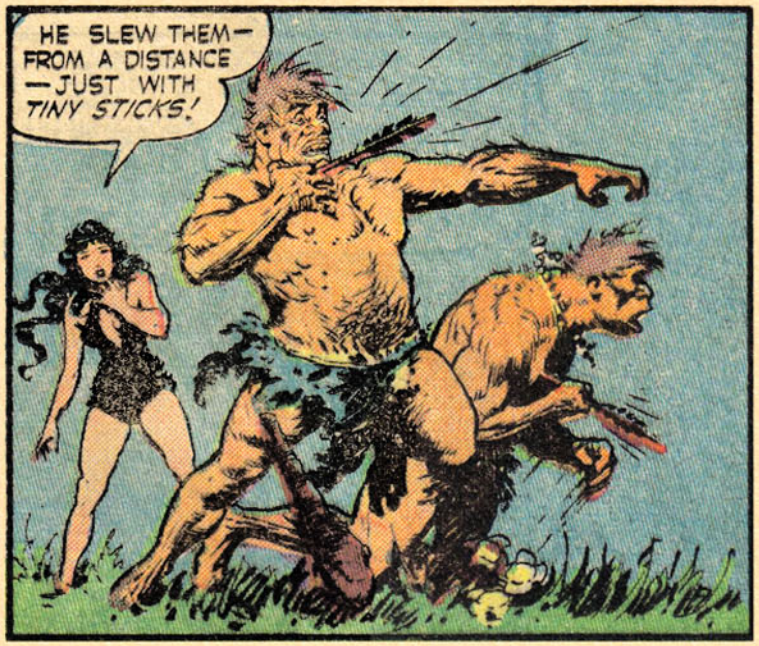

THE DAYS FADE INTO WEEKS, AND THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS, AND NOW ROGER DRUM IS STRAIGHT AND POWERFUL, MUSCLES RIDGING HIS BACK AND ARMS, HIS LONG LEGS AND POWERFUL THIGHS...


WITH A ROPE TWISTED FROM JUNGLE LIANAS, HE SWOOPS LIKE A DARTING FALCON FROM THE JUNGLE TREES, SNATCHING ITS PREY FROM THE SABRETOOTH TIGER ITSELF!
NAY, BROTHER LONG-FANGS! LET THE RABBIT RUN A FEW MORE DAYS!

THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE MISTY LANDS —A WOMAN'S SCREAM RINGS LOUD!
A WOMAN— CRYING IN FEAR!
AIIIEEEE


LESS THAN HALF A MILE AWAY, IN THE HIGH RIDGES OF THE VALLEY, TWO SCORE CAVEMEN FALL ON A LITTLE PARTY OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...
THE HAIRLESS ONES! KILL! KILL THEM ALL!
SAVE THE WOMAN! SHE WILL BE MINE!
NO — MINE!

RELEASE THE GIRL! SISTA WAHATI! DO AS I SAY, PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS — OR I WILL KILL WITH THE SHARP STICKS!
HIM WHO RAN AWAY! INTO THE TREE — KILL HIM!

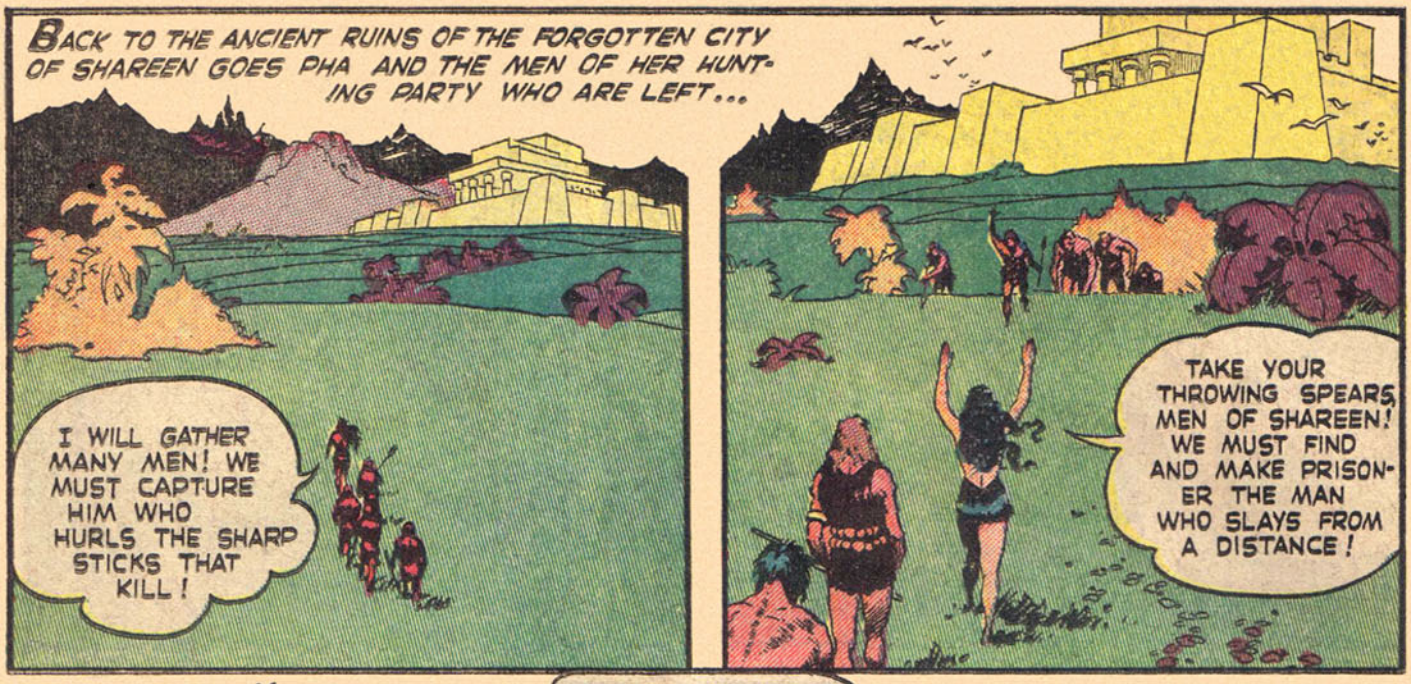

HE SLEW THEM — FROM A DISTANCE — JUST WITH TINY STICKS!

SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH! CAN'T BLAME HER VERY MUCH. A WILD LAND LIKE THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!

ROGER DRUM AGAIN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE CAVEMEN, HIS OLD ENEMIES. HIS FLASHING ARROWS FELL ONE AFTER ANOTHER...
COME AND GET 'EM, BOYS! I HAVE PLENTY OF ARROWS FOR ALL OF YOU!

WITH A LOW GROWL IN HIS THROAT, ROGER DRUM LEAPS TO MEET THE LAST AND BIGGEST CAVEMAN — WITH BARE HANDS!
YOUR KIND MANHANDLED ME WHEN I FIRST LANDED HERE. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SHOW YOU MY MUSCLES!

REELING AND PANTING, HIS FISTS LIKE STEEL HAMMERS POUNDING INTO THE CAVEMAN'S RIBS, THE LOST AVIATOR KNOWS THE HOT TASTE OF VICTORY!
GO BACK AND TELL YOUR KIND THAT I'LL BE HERE — WAITING FOR THEM... ANY TIME THEY WANT TO TASTE THE BITE OF THE SHARP STICKS!


BACK TO THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE FORGOTTEN CITY OF SHAREEN GOES PHA AND THE MEN OF HER HUNTING PARTY WHO ARE LEFT...
I WILL GATHER MANY MEN! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM WHO HURLS THE SHARP STICKS THAT KILL!
TAKE YOUR THROWING SPEARS, MEN OF SHAREEN! WE MUST FIND AND MAKE PRISONER THE MAN WHO SLAYS FROM A DISTANCE!

MEANWHILE...
THE CAVE PEOPLE HAVE COME DOWN FROM THE CLIFFS! ALL MEN! THEY ARE ON A RAID FOR WEAPONS AND WOMEN!

I'LL WARN THE VALLEY PEOPLE. THEY WILL BE GLAD OF MY WARNING AND BECOME MY FRIENDS!

BUT WHEN AVIATOR AND VALLEY PEOPLE COME FACE TO FACE—
I DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE... PERHAPS I'LL MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND WITH GESTURES!
THERE IS THE MAN I WANT! CAPTURE HIM—ALIVE AND UNHURT!

THEY AREN'T THROWING THEIR SPEARS, SO THEY DON'T WANT TO KILL ME. I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THIS PROBLEM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE!

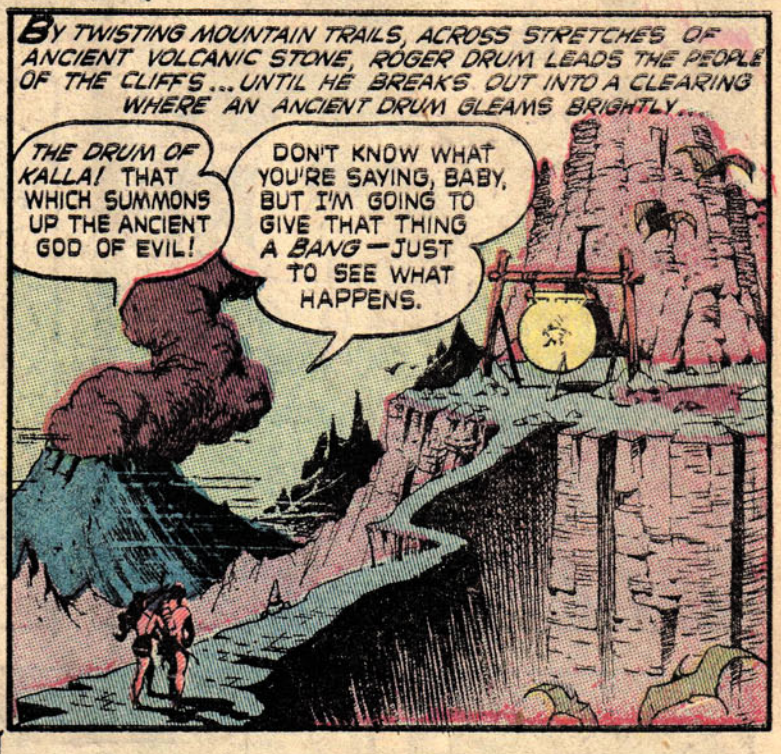
WITH A POWERFUL LEAP ROGER DRUM SEEKS REFUGE IN THE TREES. THEN, UNFASTENING HIS GRASS ROPE, HE SENDS IT COILING DOWNWARD—

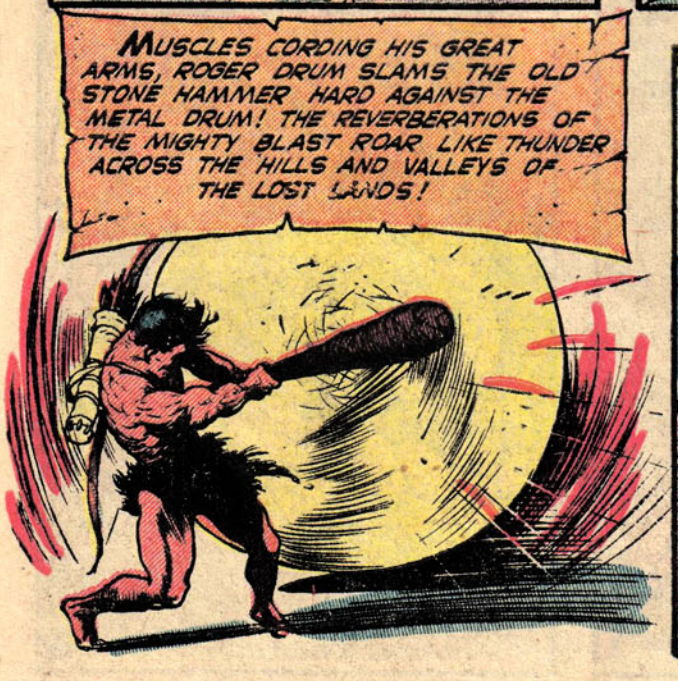
I'LL SHOW THE CAVEMAN ARMY TO HER. SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, AND CALL OFF HER FIGHTING MEN!

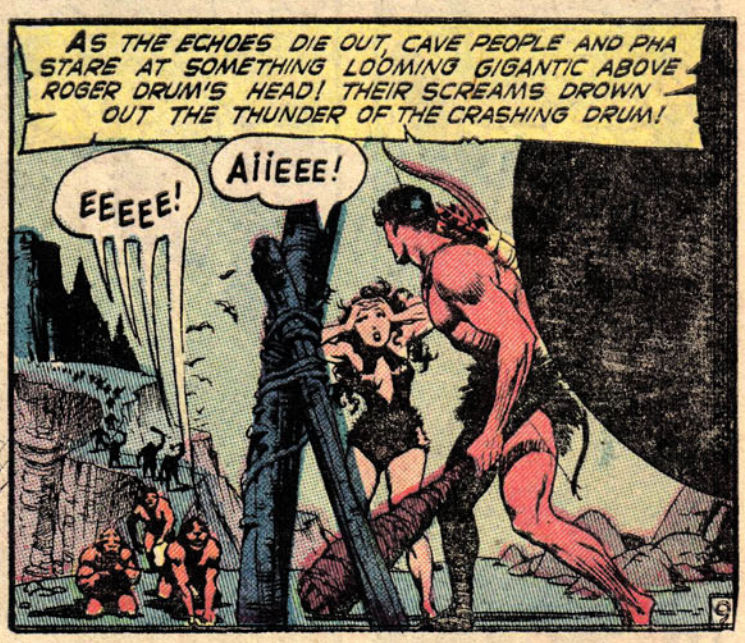
EASY, PRINCESS! DON'T GO OFF YOUR TROLLEY! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...
TROLLEY...? PRINCESS...? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS!

MAYBE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THOSE CAVEMEN, BABY! THEY AREN'T HEADING THIS WAY FOR FUN!
THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS!

I'LL LEAD THEM INTO THE HILLS, AWAY FROM THE VALLEY MEN!
IF ONE OF THOSE CLUBS HIT HIM—THE CLIFF PEOPLE WILL TAKE ME TO THEIR CAVES!


BY TWISTING MOUNTAIN TRAILS, ACROSS STRETCHES OF ANCIENT VOLCANIC STONE, ROGER DRUM LEADS THE PEOPLE OF THE CLIFFS... UNTIL HE BREAKS OUT INTO A CLEARING WHERE AN ANCIENT DRUM GLEAMS BRIGHTLY...
THE DRUM OF KALLA! THAT WHICH SUMMONS UP THE ANCIENT GOD OF EVIL!
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, BABY, BUT I'M GOING TO GIVE THAT THING A BANG—JUST TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.


MUSCLES CORDING HIS GREAT ARMS, ROGER DRUM SLAMS THE OLD STONE HAMMER HARD AGAINST THE METAL DRUM! THE REVERBERATIONS OF THE MIGHTY BLAST ROAR LIKE THUNDER ACROSS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE LOST LANDS!


AS THE ECHOES DIE OUT, CAVE PEOPLE AND PHA STARE AT SOMETHING LOOMING GIGANTIC ABOVE ROGER DRUM'S HEAD! THEIR SCREAMS DROWN OUT THE THUNDER OF THE CRASHING DRUM!
EEEEE!
AIIEEE!

A MAD TORRENT OF WEIRD HISSING SWINGS THE AVIATOR AROUND! TOWERING HIGH ABOVE HIM—EMERGING FROM THE LABYRINTHINE DEPTHS OF THE CAVE BEHIND THE DRUM...

A SNAKE—THE FATHER OF ALL SNAKES!

BEFORE THE FEAR-FROZEN CAVE PEOPLE CAN MOVE, THE GIANT HEAD FLASHES DOWNWARD!

GOT TO—KILL IT—SOMEHOW!

NO GOOD! ARROWS DON'T HURT IT...!

MY GUN! GOT *THREE* SHOTS LEFT! MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT *ONE* OF THEM LODGES IN ITS BRAIN!

WITH THE SNAKE'S FANGS BEFORE HIS VERY EYES, HIS LAST BULLET REACHES ITS RESTING PLACE—AND WITH A FRIGHTFUL HISS, THE GIGANTIC SERPENT WRITHES IN DEATH...

THUN'DA — LORD OF THE MAGIC DRUM! *THUN'DA* — WHO KILLED THE SNAKE THAT SURROUNDS THE WORLD! *THUN'DA* — KING OF THE LOST LANDS!

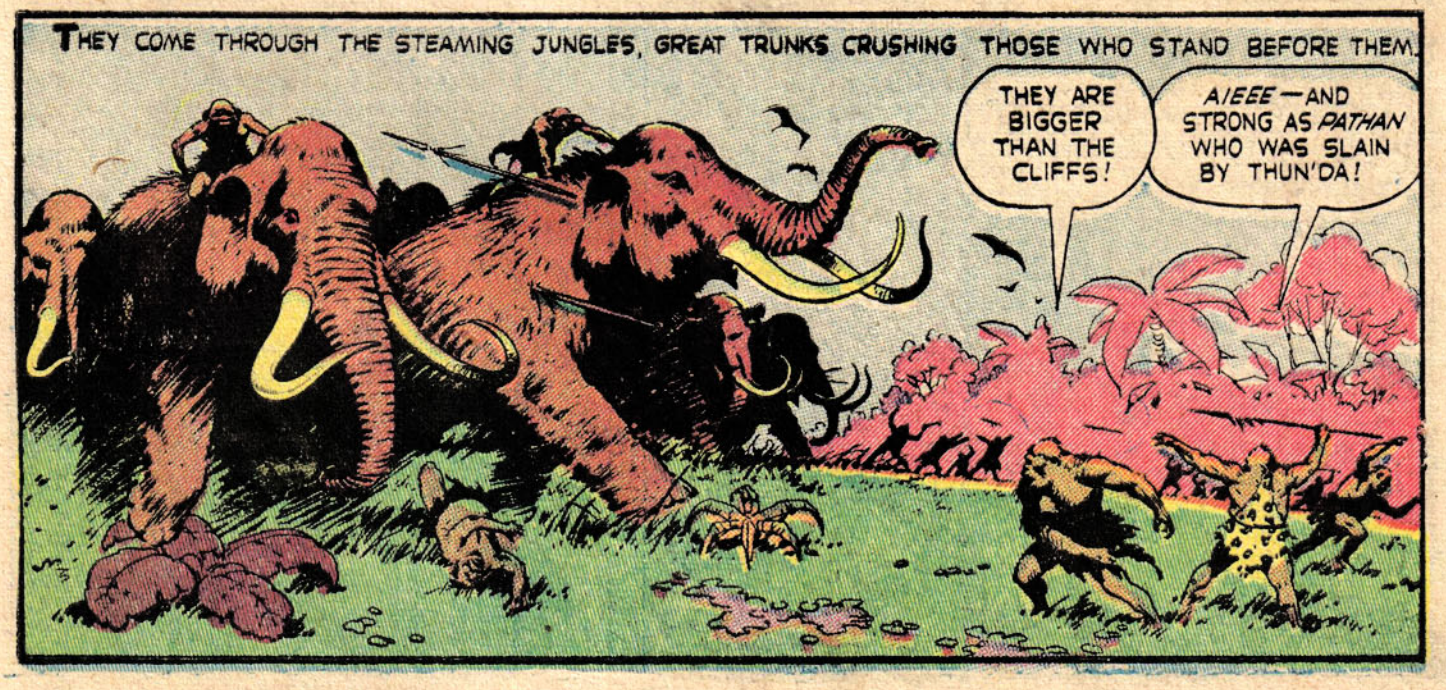
AND SO, ROGER DRUM, WHO IS HENCEFORTH TO BE KNOWN AS THUN'DA, COMES AT LAST TO PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH THE QUEEN OF THE VALLEY PEOPLE...AND WITH THE PEOPLE OF THE CAVES....!

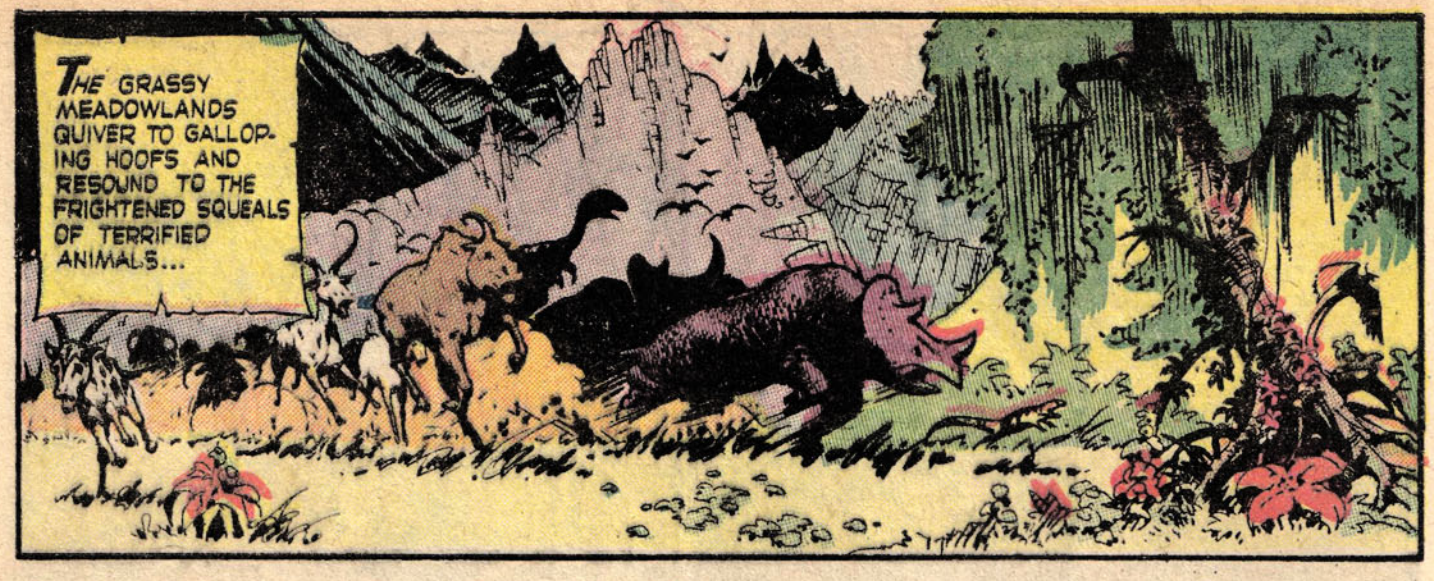
THUNDA

OUT OF THE MISTY UNKNOWN OF ***THE LOST LANDS*** COMES A SWARM OF HAIRY MONSTERS, DRIVING ALL LIVING THINGS BEFORE THEM! SHAGGY TUSKERS— RIDDEN BY HALF-HUMAN APE-BEINGS— THREATEN TO DESTROY THE STRANGE NEW WORLD FOUND BY ***ROGER DRUM!*** IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH, ROGER DRUM... WHO IS NOW ***THUN'DA***, K'NG OF THE JUNGLE, LIFTS THE FABULOUS KNIFE OF *KWA KUNG*, AND LEAPS TO MEET—

"The Monsters from the Mists!"

FRANK BRAZITA




THE GRASSY MEADOWLANDS QUIVER TO GALLOPING HOOFS AND RESOUND TO THE FRIGHTENED SQUEALS OF TERRIFIED ANIMALS...

IN THE ANCIENT RUINS OF SHAREEN, THUN'DA HEARS THE TALE OF THE WORLD'S FIRST MEN, EVEN AS HE LEARNS PHA'S LANGUAGE...
THE LEGENDS SAY THAT MEN CAME DOWN FROM THE SKY, FORGOTTEN AGES AGO, AND FOUND SHELTER IN THE LOST LANDS. AS TIME WENT ON, THEY WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD BEYOND, THROUGH A MOUNTAIN PASS...

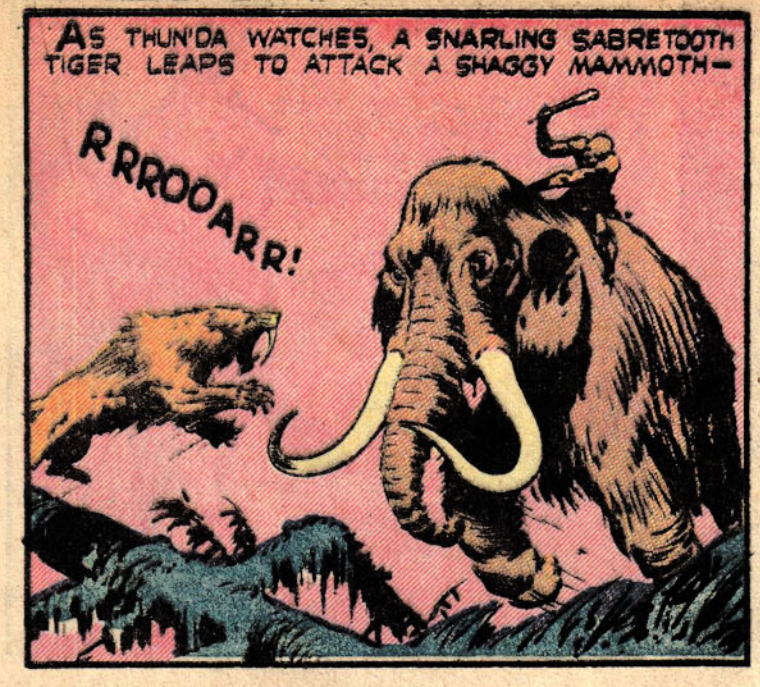
AN EARTHQUAKE BURIED THE PASS, SEALING OFF OUR HILLS AND VALLEY. MOUNTAINS TOO HIGH FOR A MAN TO CLIMB KEEP US IN HERE!
THE WORLD'S CRADLE... STILL AS IT WAS THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO!

LOOK, PHA! ANIMALS AND MEN—FLEEING SIDE BY SIDE! SOMETHING TERRIBLE MUST BE COMING THIS WAY!

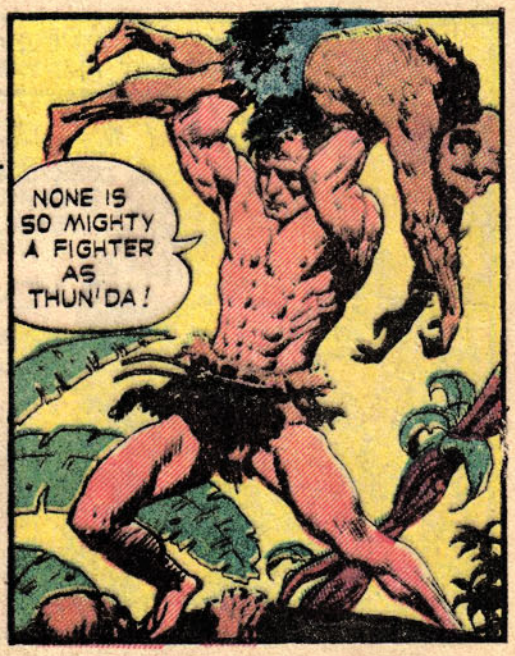
AS THUN'DA AND PHA MOVE OUT ONTO THE PLAINS THEY FIND A FEAR-MADDENED HILL WOMAN SOBBING IN THE TALL GRASSES...
WE ARE FRIENDS. WHAT CAUSES ALL THE WORLD TO FLEE?
GREAT MONSTERS WITH TEETH TEN FEET LONG! SO STRONG THEY CAN UPROOT A TREE AND USE IT AS A CLUB!

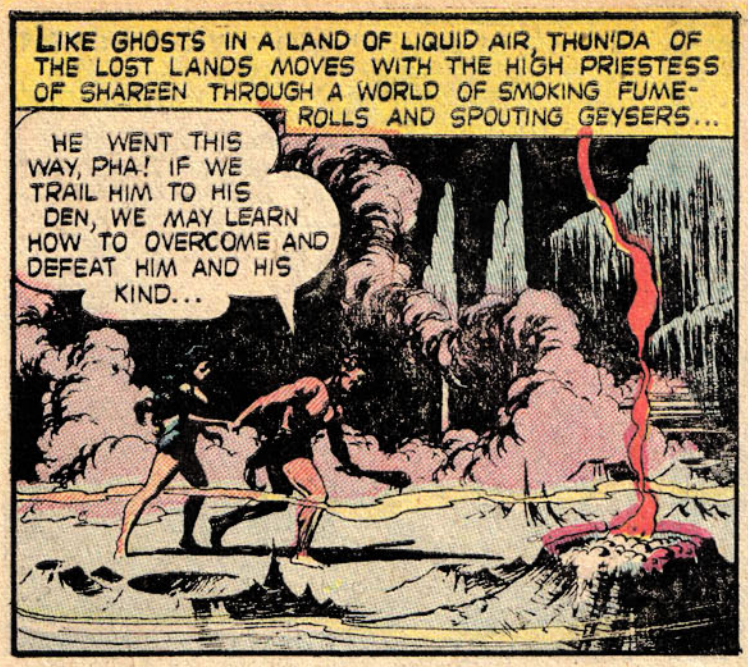
COME, PHA! I MUST SEE WHAT MANNER OF STRANGE BEAST THIS IS!
BUT I— I'M AFRAID...!

NO WONDER THE WHOLE WORLD IS FRIGHTENED...!
IT IS THE DREADED DRUTHGA—THE SHAGGY ONES! EVERY YEAR THEY ENTER OUR COUNTRY TO KILL ALL THEY FIND!

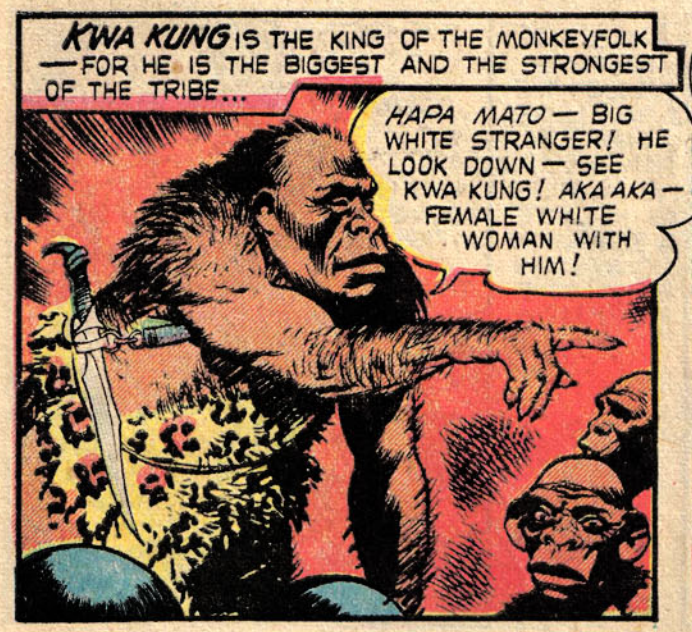


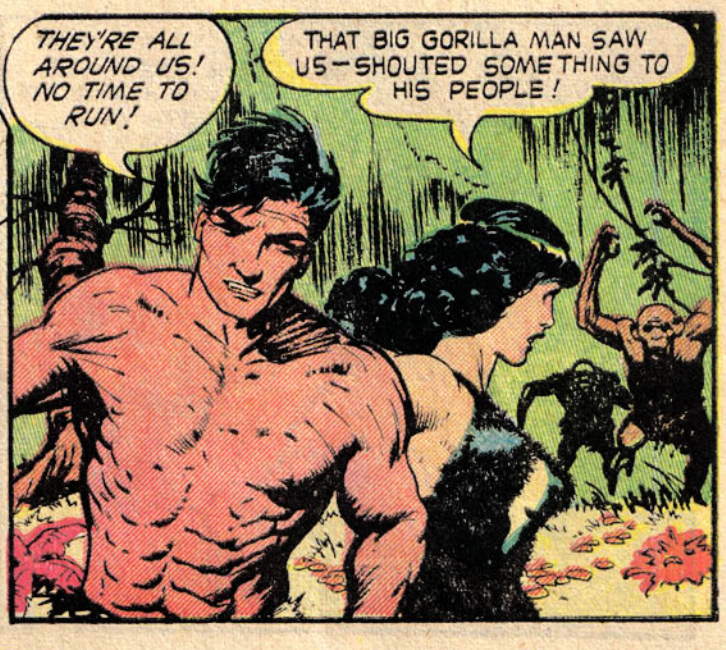
THE SUNLIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE JUNGLE LEAVES DAPPLES THUN'DA'S ROLLING MUSCLES AS HE LIFTS A SCREAMING MONKEYMAN HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD—




LIKE GHOSTS IN A LAND OF LIQUID AIR, THUN'DA OF THE LOST LANDS MOVES WITH THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF SHAREEN THROUGH A WORLD OF SMOKING FUME-ROLLS AND SPOUTING GEYSERS...
HE WENT THIS WAY, PHA! IF WE TRAIL HIM TO HIS DEN, WE MAY LEARN HOW TO OVERCOME AND DEFEAT HIM AND HIS KIND...

THE CITY OF THE MONKEY-MEN! THE PATH OF EVOLUTION MUST HAVE TAKEN A QUEER TWIST HERE—THESE THINGS ARE LIKE MONKEYS WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF MEN!

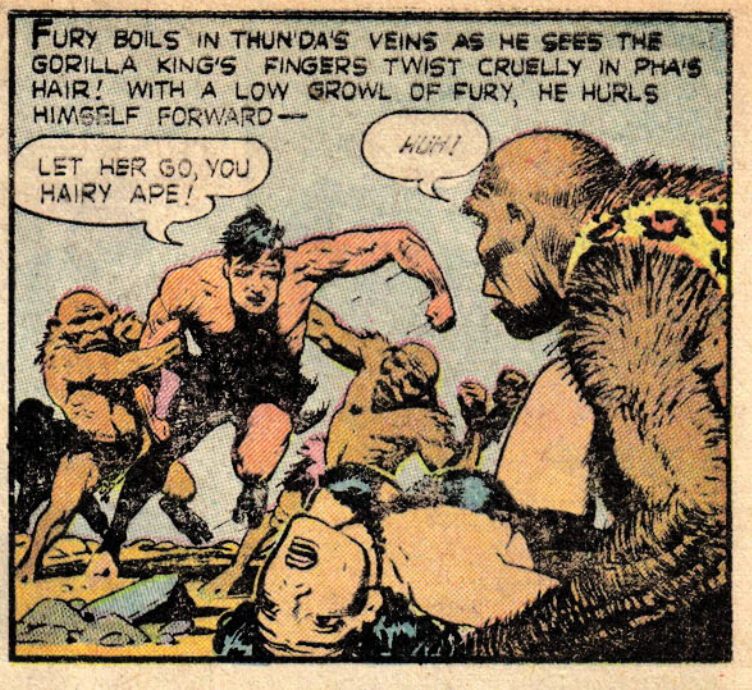

KWA KUNG IS THE KING OF THE MONKEYFOLK —FOR HE IS THE BIGGEST AND THE STRONGEST OF THE TRIBE...
HAPA MATO — BIG WHITE STRANGER! HE LOOK DOWN — SEE KWA KUNG! AKA AKA — FEMALE WHITE WOMAN WITH HIM!


THEY'RE ALL AROUND US! NO TIME TO RUN!
THAT BIG GORILLA MAN SAW US—SHOUTED SOMETHING TO HIS PEOPLE!

ROLLING AND STRUGGLING, THUN'DA, THE JUNGLE LORD, GOES DOWN WITH TWENTY MONKEYMEN BATTING AT HIM...
A AIIIEEEEE! THUN'DA — THEY KILL ME!

NO... NO... YOU HURT ME... STOP...
STOP! KWA KUNG ORDERS! THE FEMALE IS GOOD TO LOOK UPON! SHE WILL BE MINE!

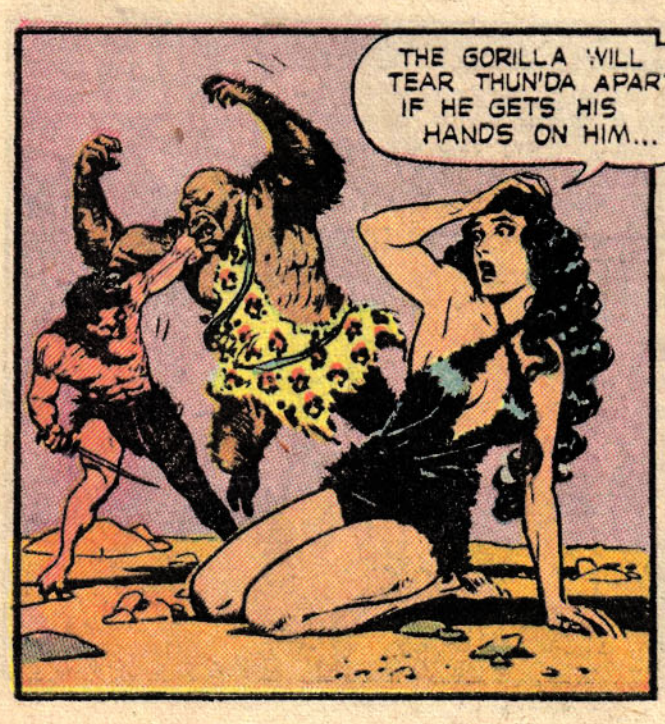
YOU WILL BE BRIDE OF THE KING! COME!
NO NO!

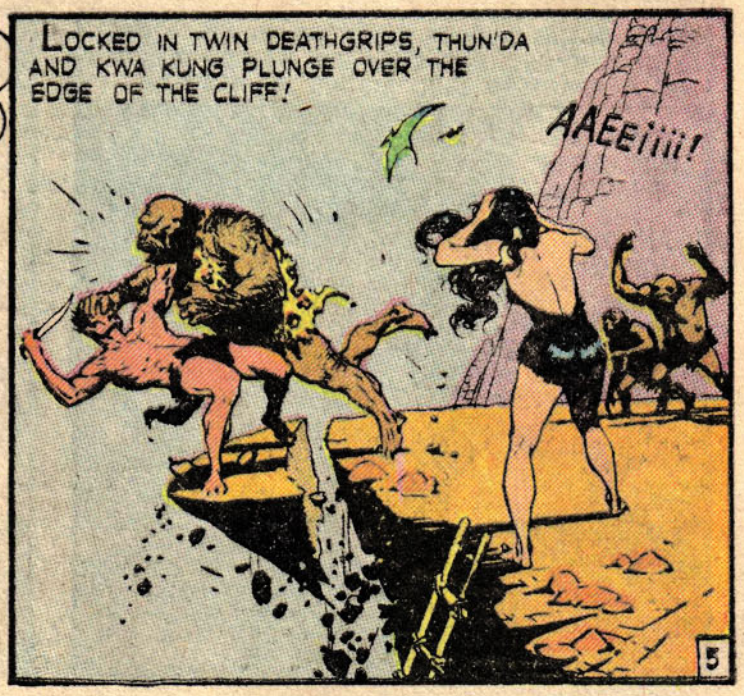

FURY BOILS IN THUN'DA'S VEINS AS HE SEES THE GORILLA KING'S FINGERS TWIST CRUELLY IN PHA'S HAIR! WITH A LOW GROWL OF FURY, HE HURLS HIMSELF FORWARD—
LET HER GO, YOU HAIRY APE!
AUH!

LIKE TWO BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE, MAN AND GORILLA-BEING CRASH TOGETHER...

DANCING, TWISTING, WHIRLING, THUN'DA DRIVES IN ON THE SHAGGY MONSTER...
MY CLUB CRUSH YOUR HEAD!
YOU HAVE TO HIT BEFORE YOU DO THAT!

OVER YOU GO, BIG BOY— AND I'LL TAKE THAT KNIFE WHEN YOU DO!
GRRAAA!


THE GORILLA WILL TEAR THUN'DA APART IF HE GETS HIS HANDS ON HIM...

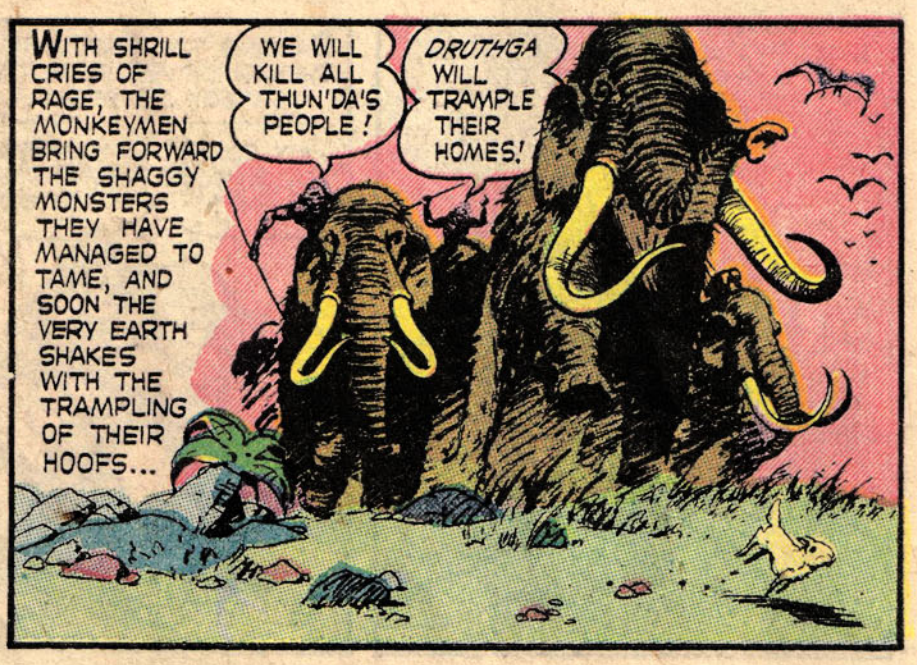

LOCKED IN TWIN DEATHGRIPS, THUN'DA AND KWA KUNG PLUNGE OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!
AAEEiiii!

IN MIDAIR, THUN'DA, THE MIGHTY, FREES HIS KNIFEHAND WITH A MIGHTY WRENCH. LEGS LOCKED ABOUT HIS GORILLA RIVAL, THE KNIFE LIFTS HIGH...
KWA KUNG DIES! THUN'DA, THE JUNGLE KING DECREES IT!

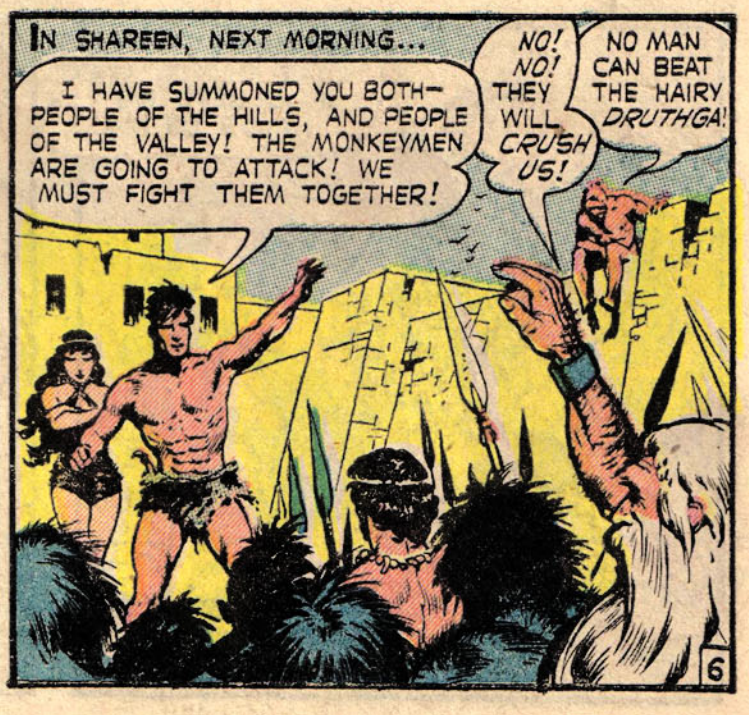
THERE IS NONE SO MIGHTY IN ALL THE LOST LANDS AS THUN'DA!

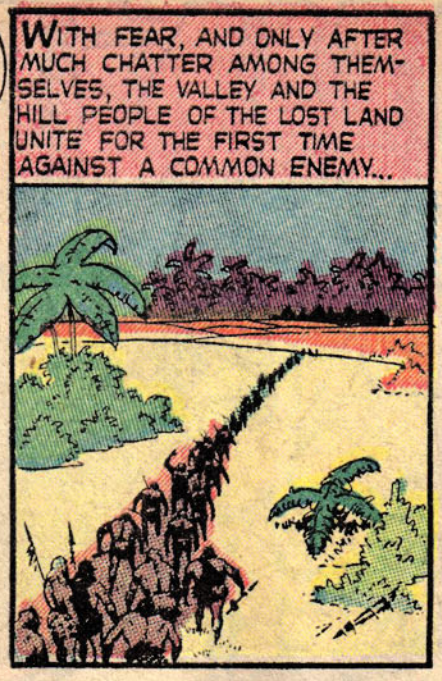
THUN'DA — THE MONKEYMEN COME! THEY SAW YOU KILL THEIR KING!

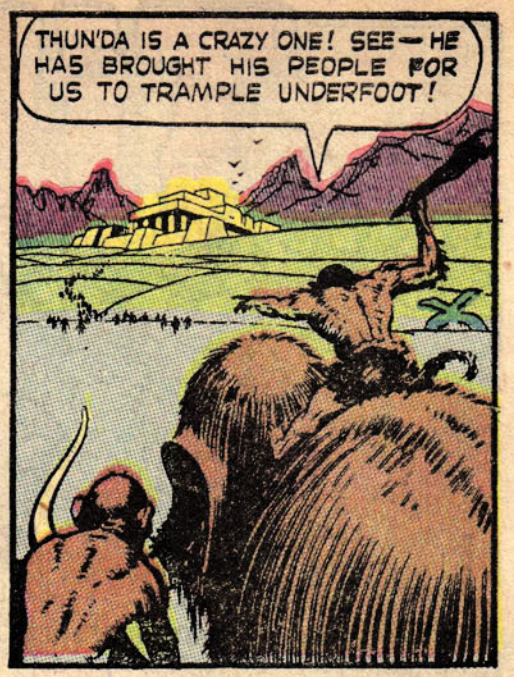
LET THE MONKEYMEN FOLLOW US IF THEY DARE! THUN'DA TAKES PHA WITH HIM NOW! WE RETURN TO SHAREEN!

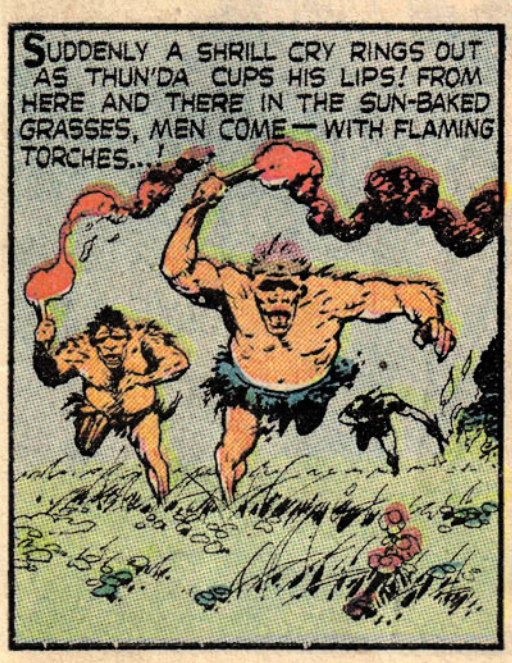

WITH SHRILL CRIES OF RAGE, THE MONKEYMEN BRING FORWARD THE SHAGGY MONSTERS THEY HAVE MANAGED TO TAME, AND SOON THE VERY EARTH SHAKES WITH THE TRAMPLING OF THEIR HOOFS...
WE WILL KILL ALL THUN'DA'S PEOPLE!
DRUTHGA WILL TRAMPLE THEIR HOMES!

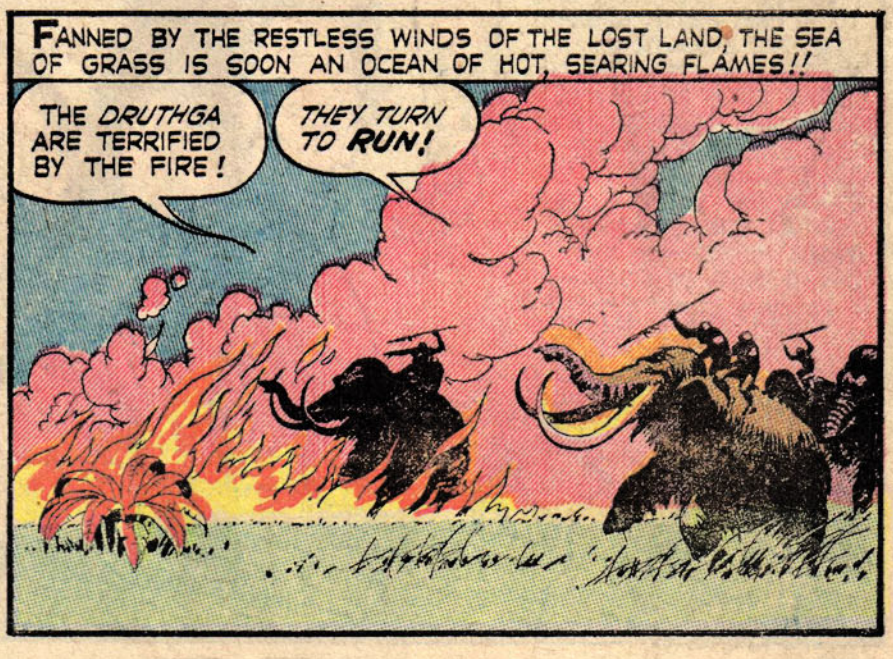
HIGH IN THE SWAYING TREETOPS, THUN'DA FLEES LIKE A GHOST, AND ONLY THE SUDDEN FLIGHT OF A STARTLED BIRD MARKS HIS PASSAGE.
SOON WE WILL BE IN SHAREEN, THE ANCIENT CITY!


IN SHAREEN, NEXT MORNING...
I HAVE SUMMONED YOU BOTH— PEOPLE OF THE HILLS, AND PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY! THE MONKEYMEN ARE GOING TO ATTACK! WE MUST FIGHT THEM TOGETHER!
NO! NO! THEY WILL CRUSH US!
NO MAN CAN BEAT THE HAIRY DRUTHGA!









AND SO FLED THE DREADED MONSTERS OF THE MISTS, BACK TO THEIR DISMAL SWAMPS, LEAVING BEHIND THE SHREDDED BODIES OF THE MONKEYMEN! WITH HEAD HELD HIGH, THUN'DA, JUNGLE KING WALKS BACK TO SHAREEN WITH PHA...!

THUN'DA

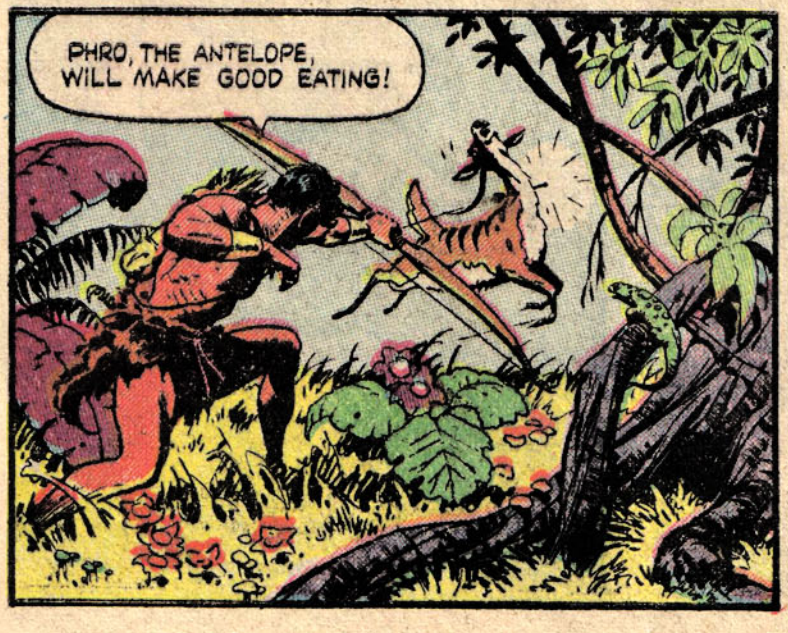
FOR UNCOUNTED AGES, THE LOST LANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD HAVE REMAINED UNKNOWN, CUT OFF BY IMPASSABLE MOUNTAIN BARRIERS AND ROCKY ESCARPMENTS FROM THE OUTER WORLD. THIS WAS THE DOING OF ***N'GATH'GA***, THE DREADED EARTHQUAKE...

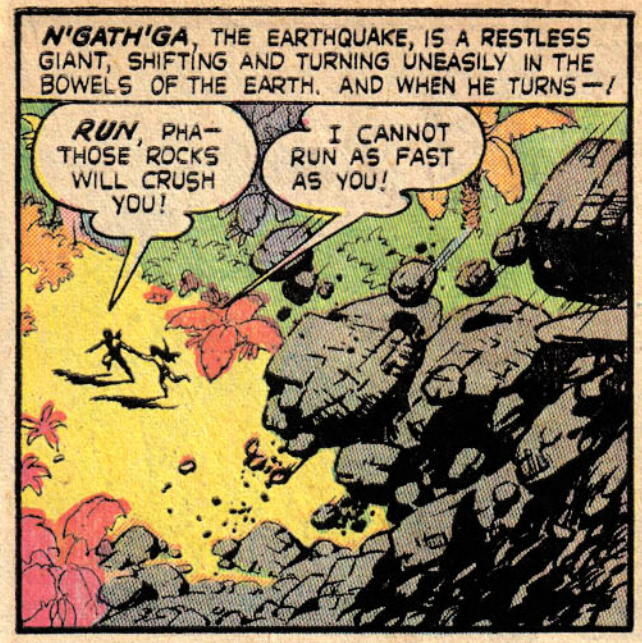
ONE DAY N'GATH'GA WAS TO STRIKE AGAIN, TO UNSEAL THE MOUNTAIN PASSES AND BRING DEATH IN THE FORM OF A WHITE MAN AND HIS BEARERS TO THE DWELLERS OF THE LOST LANDS. AND ***THUN'DA*** STOOD ALONE AGAINST THEM, DARING THEIR RIFLES — IN THE DREAD DAYS OF DOOM —

"WHEN THE EARTH SHOOK"

FRANK FRAZETTA

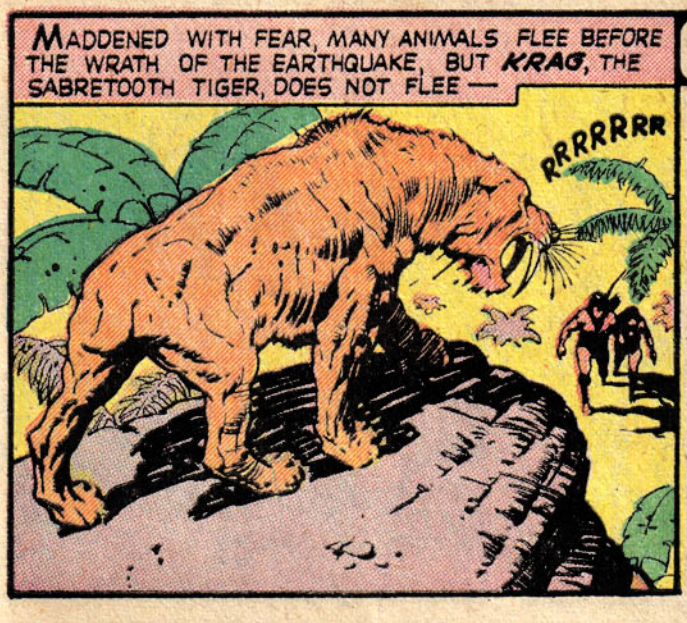
THUN'DA HUNTS IN THE DAWN WORLD, HIS BOW A LIVING THING THAT CATAPULTS AN ARROW WITH THE FORCE OF A BULLET...

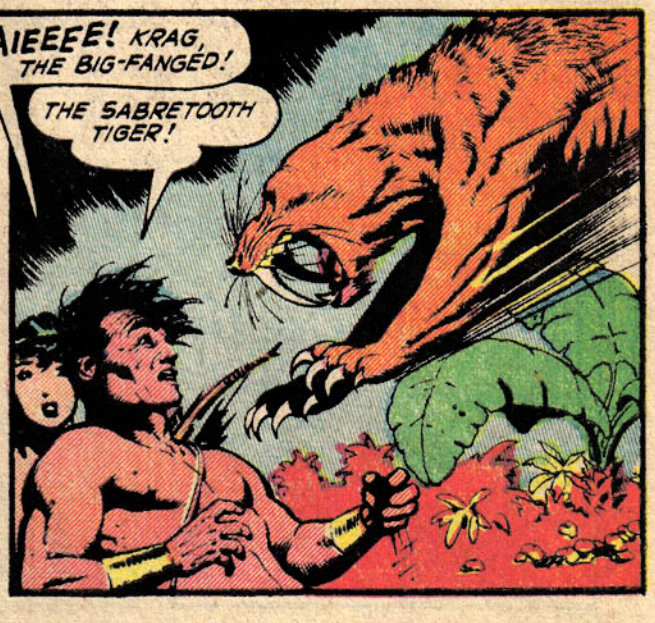


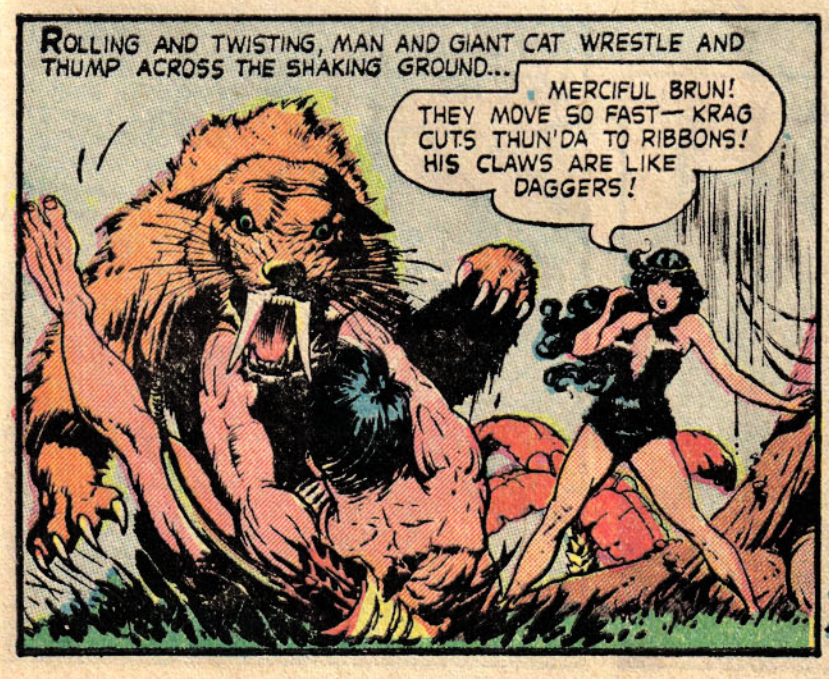

N'GATH'GA, THE EARTHQUAKE, IS A RESTLESS GIANT, SHIFTING AND TURNING UNEASILY IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH. AND WHEN HE TURNS—!
RUN, PHA— THOSE ROCKS WILL CRUSH YOU!
I CANNOT RUN AS FAST AS YOU!

THEN WE WILL FIND ANOTHER PATH TO SAFETY —THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF THE JUNGLE TREES!

N'GATH'GA IS VERY ANGRY! THE WHOLE WORLD IS SHAKING AS HE RAGES IN HIS PRISON DEEP IN THE GROUND!
IT WAS N'GATH'GA WHO CLOSED THE MOUNTAIN PASSES MANY AGES AGO SO NO ONE COULD ENTER OR LEAVE THIS VALLEY!


MADDENED WITH FEAR, MANY ANIMALS FLEE BEFORE THE WRATH OF THE EARTHQUAKE, BUT KRAG, THE SABRETOOTH TIGER, DOES NOT FLEE —
RRRRRRR


AIEEEE! KRAG, THE BIG-FANGED!
THE SABRETOOTH TIGER!


ROLLING AND TWISTING, MAN AND GIANT CAT WRESTLE AND THUMP ACROSS THE SHAKING GROUND...
MERCIFUL BRUN! THEY MOVE SO FAST— KRAG CUTS THUN'DA TO RIBBONS! HIS CLAWS ARE LIKE DAGGERS!

KRAG, THE SABRETOOTH, IS A TON OF FIGHTING FURY! HIS POWERFUL LEGS DOUBLE UP TO RIP THUN'DA FROM CHEST TO HIP —
IN ANOTHER INSTANT—HE'LL TEAR MY GUTS OUT!

WITH A SAVAGE WRENCH OF TORTURED MUSCLES, THUN'DA RIPS FREE, AND HIS LONG HUNTING KNIFE FLASHES DOWNWARD ONCE—TWICE—THREE TIMES!

GOT YOUR JUGULAR VEIN... JUST IN TIME...!

HU—NO WONDER KRAG FOUGHT! SEE HER BABY! LOOK AT HIM SPIT AND SNARL AT ME! HU—WHAT A PET HE WOULD MAKE!

A SABRETOOTH TIGER FOR A PET? THUN'DA, NO MAN CAN TAME A BIG-FANG!

BUT THUN'DA IS NO ORDINARY MAN! HIS CIVILIZED VENEER AS ROGER DRUM HAS SLOUGHED AWAY IN THE FORM OF THUN'DA, JUNGLE KING. HE BRINGS PATIENCE TO HIS TASK, AND A READY LAUGH...

YOU ARE A BIGGER BABY THAN HE IS! STOP TEASING HIM!

HE KNOWS I AM PLAYING. WATCH HIM FETCH A STICK FOR ME, PHA...

FOR DAYS AND WEEKS THUN'DA TAUGHT HIS TIGER CUB...

COME, SABRE, TIME FOR ANOTHER LESSON!

THE WEEKS FADE INTO MONTHS, AND SABRE GROWS LARGER AND STRONGER. TOGETHER THEY HUNT THE BIG GAME OF THE FORESTS.

WE FEAST WELL TODAY, SABRE! GOOD WORK!

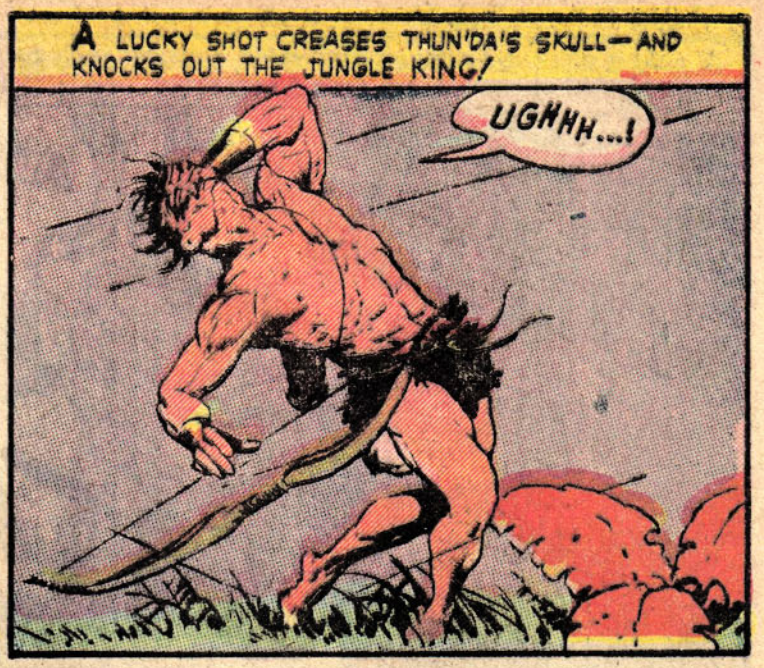
AT THAT MOMENT IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS BORDERING THE LOST LANDS...

THAT EARTHQUAKE SMASHED THIS CLIFF—OPENED A PATH INTO THE VALLEY BEYOND! LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK!

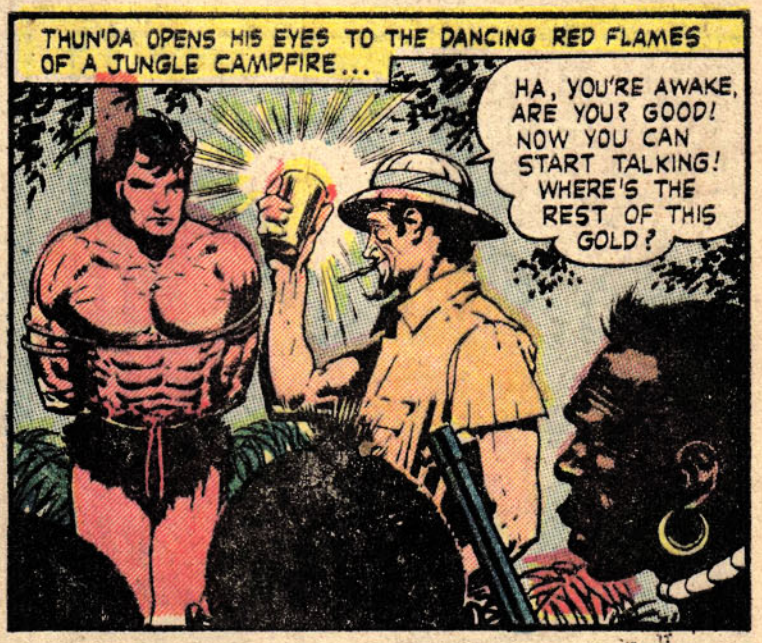
LOOK, BWANA! A WHITE SAVAGE! WITH A TIGER!

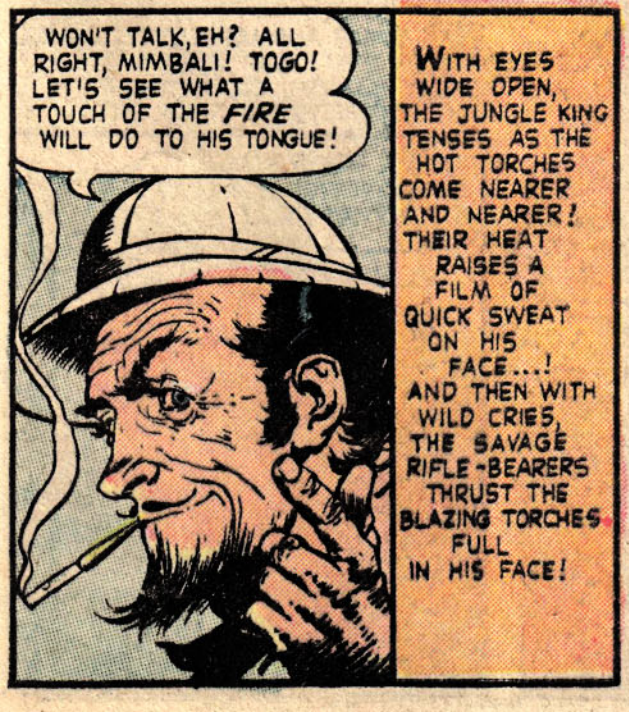
HUH! AND LOOK WHAT'S ON HIS ARMS! GOLD BANDS—WORTH A FORTUNE! GRAB YOUR GUN, MIMBALI! LET'S SEE WHICH OF US CAN KILL HIM FIRST!

BUT THUN'DA IS NO ORDINARY MAN! HIS SENSES ARE ALERT AS THOSE OF SABRE, THE TIGER! AS THE WIND SHIFTS, IT CARRIES A STRANGE SCENT TO HIS NOSTRILS—
STRANGE MEN IN THE VALLEY, SABRE! RUN FOR IT!


A LUCKY SHOT CREASES THUN'DA'S SKULL—AND KNOCKS OUT THE JUNGLE KING!
UGHHH...!

BY THE GREAT RAYS OF SHAITAN! SOLID GOLD! RED GOLD! MAYBE I'VE REALLY STUMBLED INTO SOMETHING! HUH—GLAD I DIDN'T KILL THIS GUY! HE MAY KNOW WHERE THERE'S MORE OF THIS STUFF!


THUN'DA OPENS HIS EYES TO THE DANCING RED FLAMES OF A JUNGLE CAMPFIRE...
HA, YOU'RE AWAKE, ARE YOU? GOOD! NOW YOU CAN START TALKING! WHERE'S THE REST OF THIS GOLD?


WON'T TALK, EH? ALL RIGHT, MIMBALI! TOGO! LET'S SEE WHAT A TOUCH OF THE FIRE WILL DO TO HIS TONGUE!
WITH EYES WIDE OPEN, THE JUNGLE KING TENSES AS THE HOT TORCHES COME NEARER AND NEARER! THEIR HEAT RAISES A FILM OF QUICK SWEAT ON HIS FACE...! AND THEN WITH WILD CRIES, THE SAVAGE RIFLE-BEARERS THRUST THE BLAZING TORCHES FULL IN HIS FACE!

NGAI HAPA TA!
HAIKA! WE WILL LEAVE HIM NO TONGUE TO TALK WITH UNLESS HE SPEAKS NOW! HIAKA! TALK!

A LOW RUMBLE OF FURY ERUPTS FROM SABRE'S SHAGGY THROAT! LIKE A LIVING LIGHTNING BOLT, HE LEAPS FROM THE JUNGLE TO SAVE HIS YOUNG MASTER—

AIEEEE!

SHIV ISLIP IS PARALYZED WITH AMAZEMENT FOR A LONG MOMENT...

A SABRETOOTH TIGER! WHAT KIND OF A LAND IS THIS?

I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU, YOU CRAZY CAVEMAN! BUT I SURE WILL *CRIPPLE* YOU!

HAGAKA! SABRE! INTO THE TREES!

THE BRANCHES AND THE LEAVES WILL HIDE ME FROM HIM! I CAN MOVE SWIFTLY YET SILENTLY AND INVISIBLY IN THE JUNGLE TREES. NO MAN CAN FIND THUN'DA HERE...

HOURS LATER, THE JUNGLE GIANT STANDS BY THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE DRUM. IN HIS HANDS, THE HAMMER SMASHES THE ANCIENT TAMBOURINE...

BBBOOOO

OOOMMMMMMMMM!

FROM FIELDS AND GOLD MINES, THE HUNT, AND THE CHASE, COME THE VALLEY AND HILL PEOPLE...

THE DRUM OF THE JUNGLE LORD!

THUN'DA WARNS US OF DANGER!

AIEEE! WE WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

WITH SPEAR AND ARROW THEY CHARGE DOWN ON SHIV ISLIP AND HIS GOLD-HUNGRY NATIVES. COOLLY, THE WHITE HUNTER DIRECTS HIS RIFLE FIRE...

THEY'LL NEVER STAND IN THE FACE OF HOT LEAD ***SHOOT TO KILL!***

TERRIFIED BY THE SPEARS-THAT-TALK-WITH-RED-FLAME, THE PEOPLE OF THE LOST LANDS WHIRL AND FLEE, LEAVING MANY DEAD BEHIND THEM...

THEY HAVE MAGIC!

FLEE!

FLEE!

ALONE, THE GREAT JUNGLE KING CAN DO NOTHING. BEARING A CHARMED LIFE, HE SEEMS TO RUN BETWEEN THE BULLETS THAT SEEK HIM OUT...

IT'S NO USE! WE CAN NEVER BEAT THEM WITHOUT GUNS!

FOR WEEKS, THUN'DA WATCHES ISLIP LOOT THE CITY OF SHAREEN. WITH PHA, HE TRAILS THEM THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

IF WE DON'T STOP THEM SOON, THEY'LL BE OUT OF THE LOST LANDS!

AND THEY'LL COME BACK WITH MORE MEN AND MORE GUNS — TO ENSLAVE US ALL!

HO, YOU BEARERS! UP ABOVE US—THE CAVEMAN AND A WOMAN! CAPTURE THEM! WE'LL KEEP THEM AS HOSTAGES—TO MAKE THEIR PEOPLE DIG ALL THE GOLD WE WANT!

IT'S OVER, PHA! WE CAN NEVER ESCAPE THEM NOW! BEST TO DIE FIGHTING...!

WAIT, THUN'DA! THE GROUND IS BEGINNING TO TREMBLE!

AND THEN N'GATH'GA, THE EARTHQUAKE, STIRS IN HIS UNDERGROUND LAIR! ROCKS FLY! THE EARTH OPENS UP! —

AIEEEE!

WE DIE! WE ALL DIE!

THE EARTH SHAKES AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND WHEN IT IS QUIET...

N'GATH'GA KILLED OUR ENEMIES, PHA —BUT IT ALSO CLOSED THE MOUNTAIN PASS!

AI—TO SHUT US OUT OF THE DAWN WORLD—AND LEAVE US IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD! WHAT IS IT LIKE, THUN'DA —THIS LAND BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS...?

THE END

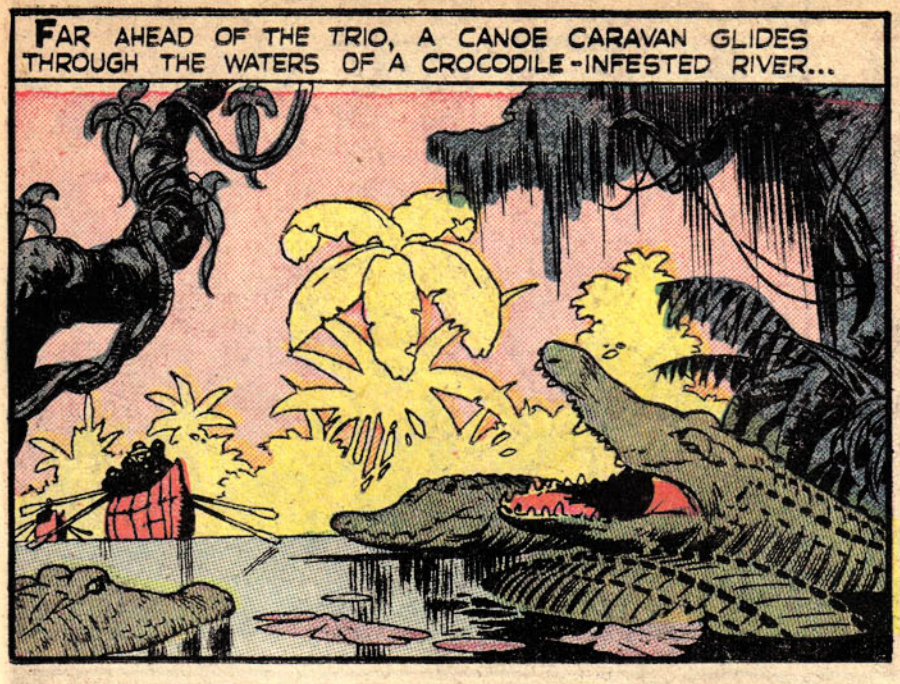
THUN'DA

As the rocks and debris of the mountain pass to the lost lands crumble behind him, *THUN'DA*, jungle king, turns his face east and southward, to the outer world.

With him go *PHA* and *SABRE*, the mighty prehistoric tiger — into a world where man's greed for power brings the jungle giant into the war of the —

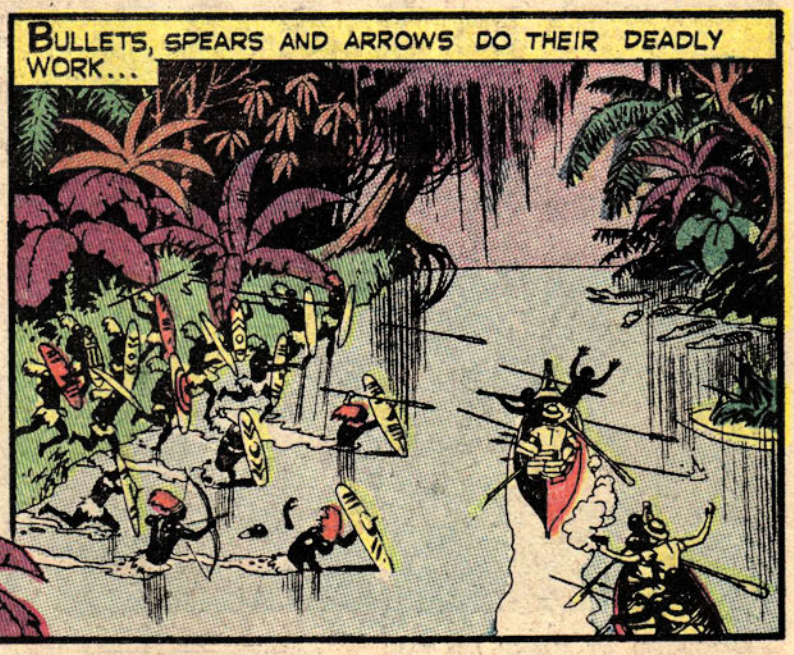
"GODS of the JUNGLE"

As the earth quakes behind him, Thun'da grasps Pha and leaps to the safety of the Congo jungle...


FAR AHEAD OF THE TRIO, A CANOE CARAVAN GLIDES THROUGH THE WATERS OF A CROCODILE-INFESTED RIVER...

ON THE RIVERBANK...
HERE COME THE CANOES! FIRE!

THE STACCATO BARK OF RIFLES AND THE SLITHER OF BASUTO WAR-SPEARS BREAK THE JUNGLE STILLNESS...
ABO ACHAL! DO!
YAHAA!


BULLETS, SPEARS AND ARROWS DO THEIR DEADLY WORK...

FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, THE WATER SWIRLS RED AND BLOODY AS BASUTO WARRIORS REACH FOR THEIR CANOES...

THROUGH THE VAULTS OF THE JUNGLE, THUN'DA, THE MIGHTY, FLIES LIKE A FRIGHTENED BIRD!
MAN-STICKS THAT TALK WITH A LOUD NOISE! REMAIN HERE, PHA! ...COME ON, SABRE!
2

SOON AFTER...
WHITE MEN LIKE MYSELF... BEING ATTACKED IN CANOES! I DON'T LIKE THOSE ODDS, SABRE!

MAN AND BEAST ATTACK WITH THE FURY OF PERFECT FIGHTING MACHINES...
GET THEM, SABRE!

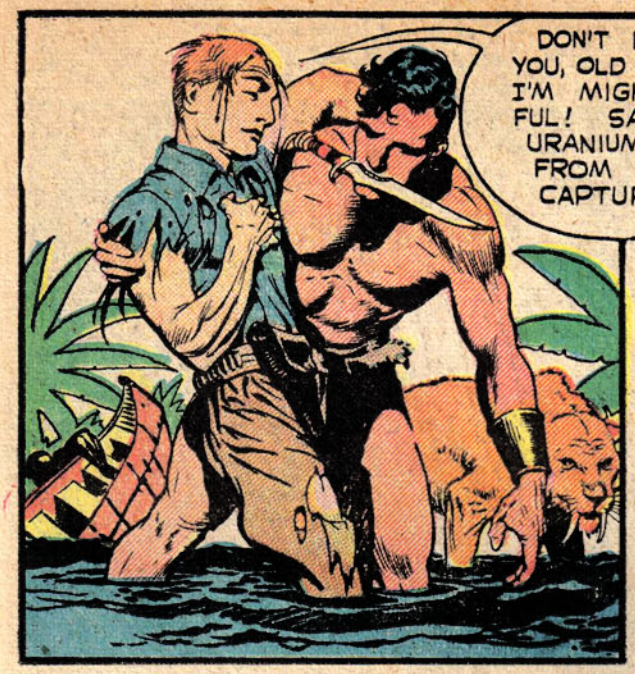
BACK TO YOUR KENNELS, JUNGLE DOGS!

YOU FACE THUN'DA— MIGHTY FIGHTER!

TERRIFIED AT SIGHT OF THE POWERFULLY-MUSCLED JUNGLE GIANT, THE BASUTOS TURN WITH FRIGHT-FOAM ON THEIR LIPS...

GET BACK THERE, YOU FOOLS!
IT'S ONLY ONE MAN— AND HE HASN'T GOT A GUN!

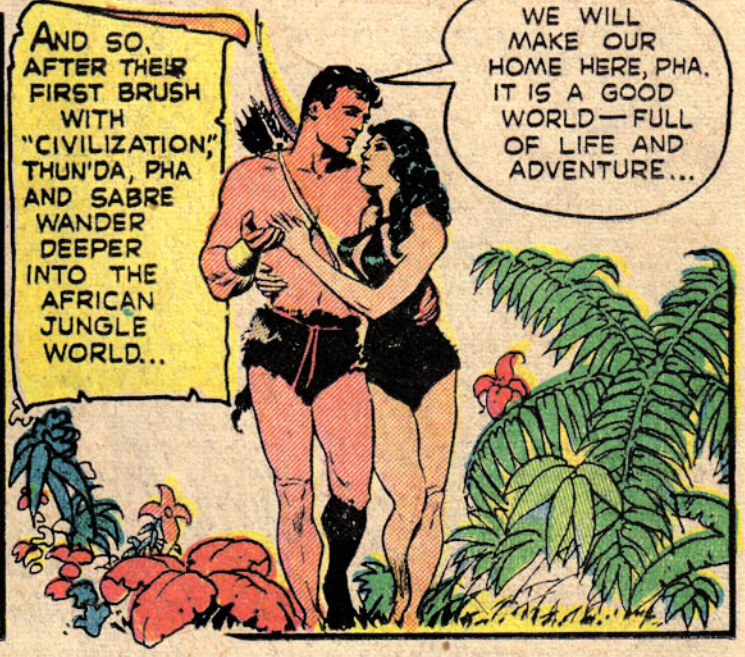
GULP
PERHAPS IT IS BETTER WE GO, TOO!
ZIP!


DON'T KNOW YOU, OLD BOY BUT I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL! SAVED THE URANIUM SHIPMENT FROM BEING CAPTURED...

NEED THE URANIUM FROM THE CONGO MINES FOR THOSE JOLLY ATOM BOMBS, YOU KNOW! COMMIES WANT IT, TOO! SENT A COUPLE OF RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS...

ATOM BOMBS? RUSSIANS? I HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS, SOMEWHERE BEFORE ...IN SOME OTHER LIFE... BUT THEY MEAN NOTHING TO ME, NOW!

YOU MEN ARE SAFE! COME, SABRE...!


AND SO, AFTER THEIR FIRST BRUSH WITH "CIVILIZATION," THUN'DA, PHA AND SABRE WANDER DEEPER INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WORLD...
WE WILL MAKE OUR HOME HERE, PHA. IT IS A GOOD WORLD—FULL OF LIFE AND ADVENTURE...

BEHIND THEM...
IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING SOON, WE WILL BE RECALLED TO MOSCOW!
PLEASE, IVAN—DO NOT TALK OF THAT! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO FAIL IN THEIR TASKS! PLEASE—PUT THOSE SECRET ORDERS AWAY!

WE SHALL NOT FAIL, JOSEF! BECAUSE I—IVAN PAULONOFF—HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA...!

THEREAFTER, THE HILLS AND FORESTS THROB WITH THE STEADY BEAT OF RHINOCEROUS HIDE DRUMS. THEY TELL OF A GROTESQUE THING WITH A SCALY FACE . . .

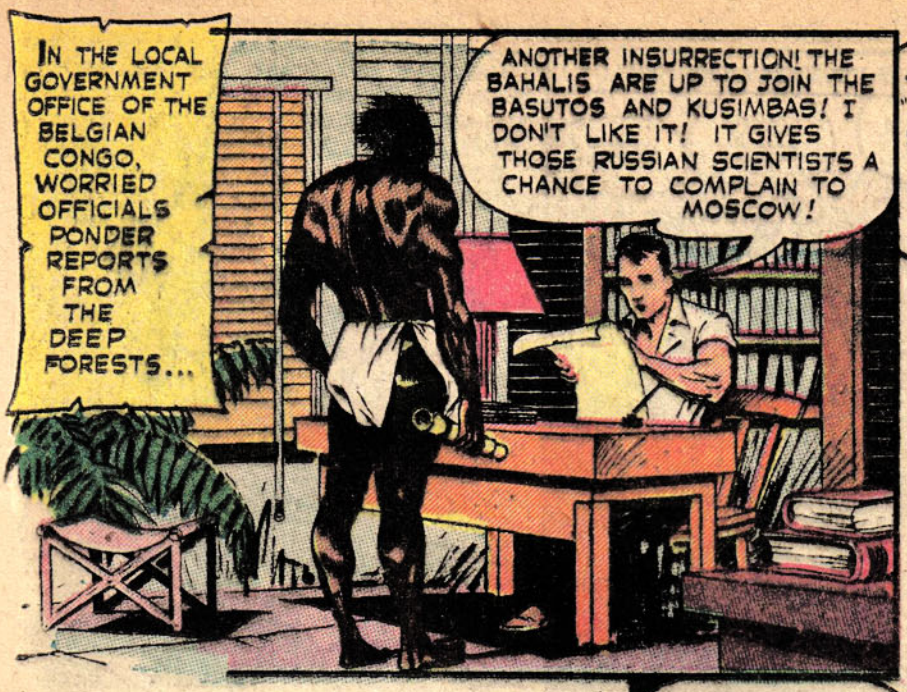
INTO THE HILL VILLAGES OF THE WARLIKE KASIMBA COMES THE MASKED HORROR...

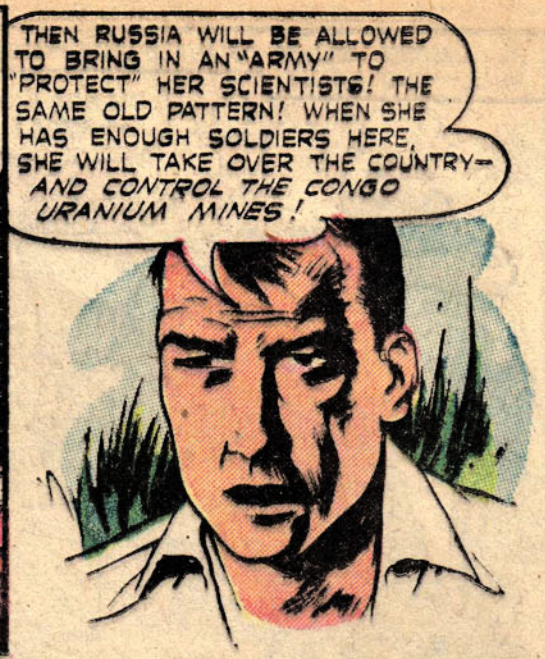
TO THE WATERWAYS OF THE RIVER COUNTRY...

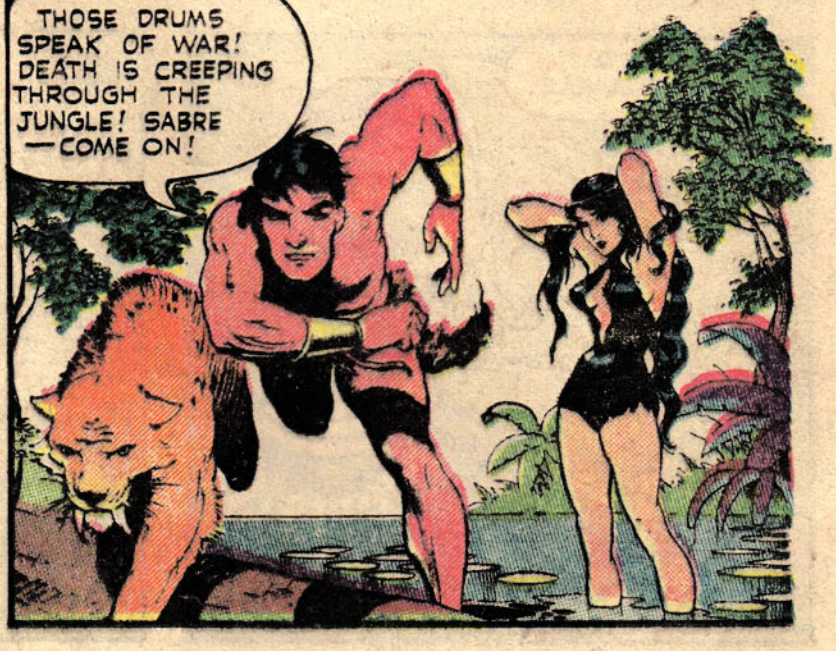
TO THE GRASSY VELDTS OF THE INTERIOR...

AND WHERE THE JUNGLE GOD WALKS, NATIVE FIGHTING MEN HEFT THEIR WAR SPEARS AND MARCH...

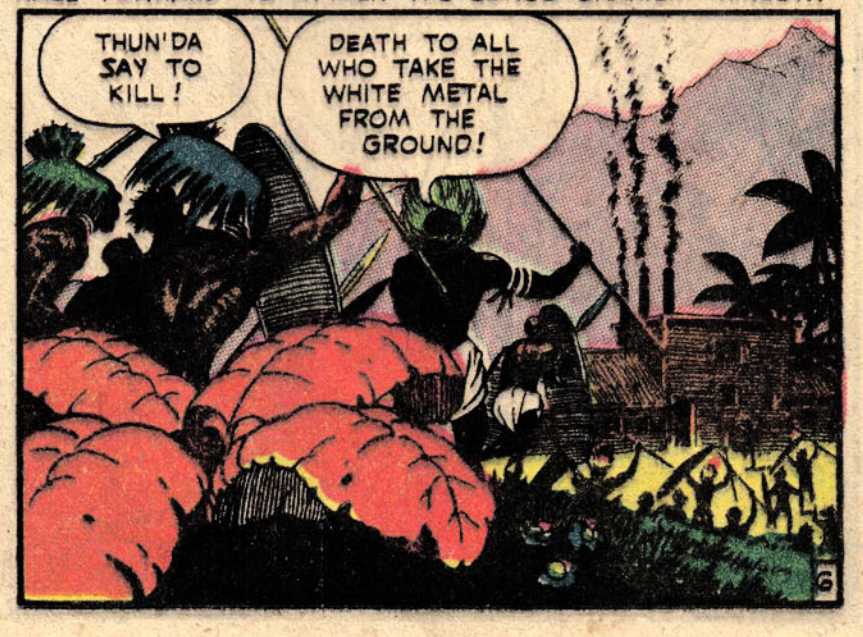
WHILE THE RUSSIANS RUB THEIR HANDS AND CHUCKLE IN GLEE...

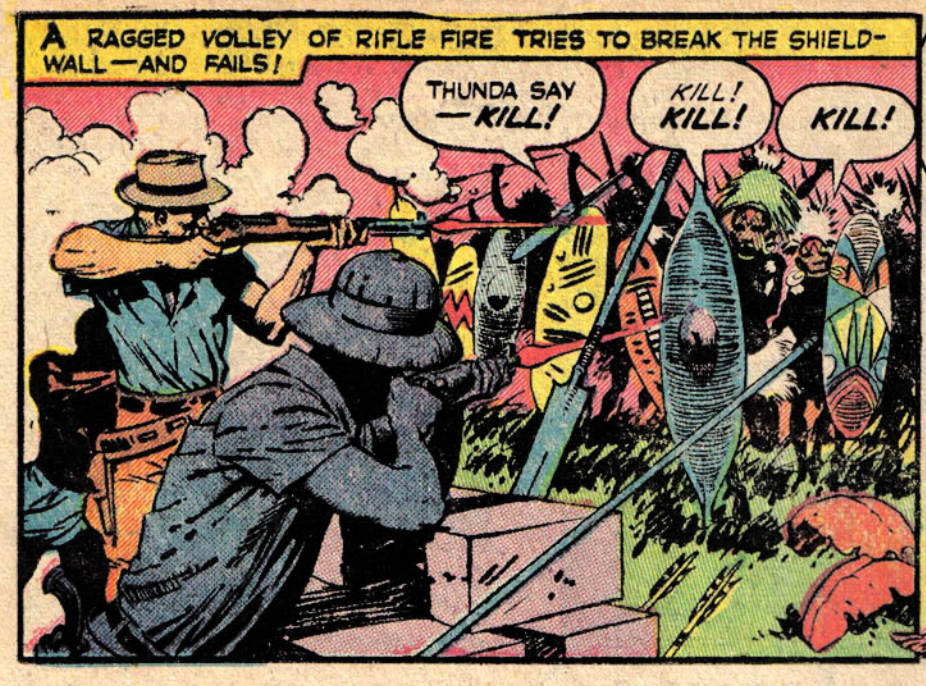


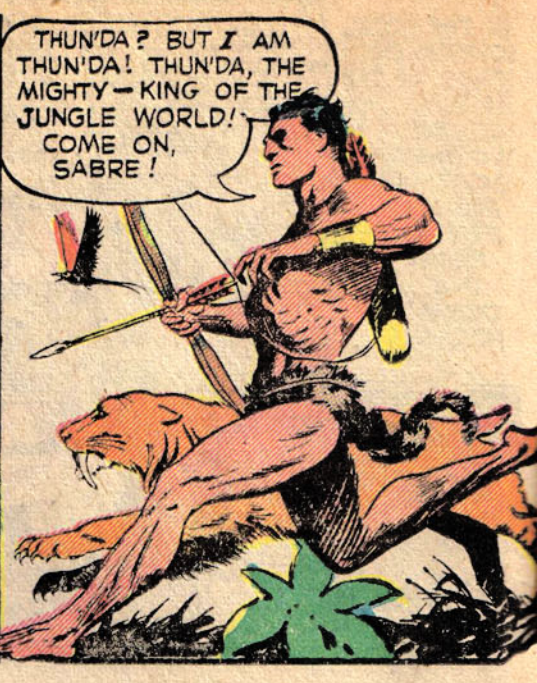




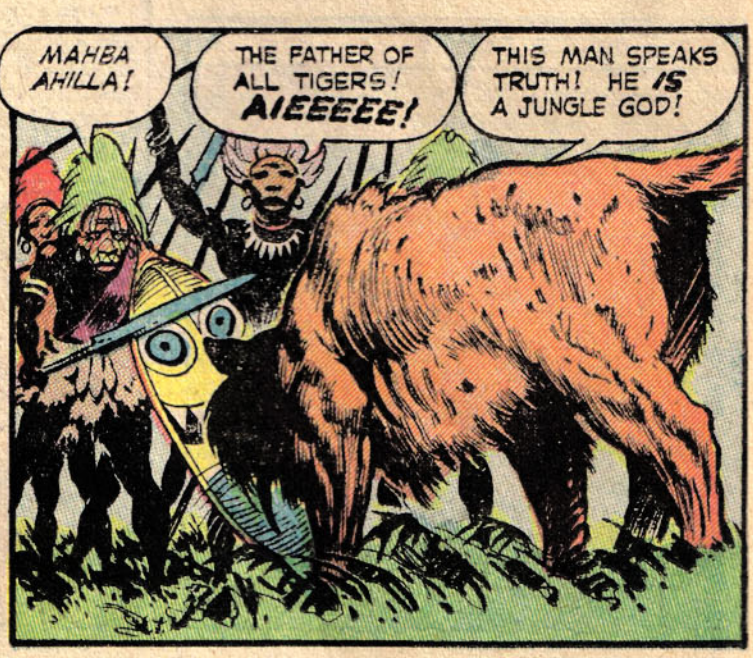
SOMEWHAT LATER, AS THE JUNGLE CHIEF WATCHES INTENTLY, BASUTO AND SAWHALI, KUSIMBA AND BAHALI WARRIORS RACE FORWARD TO ATTACK THE CONGO URANIUM MINES...

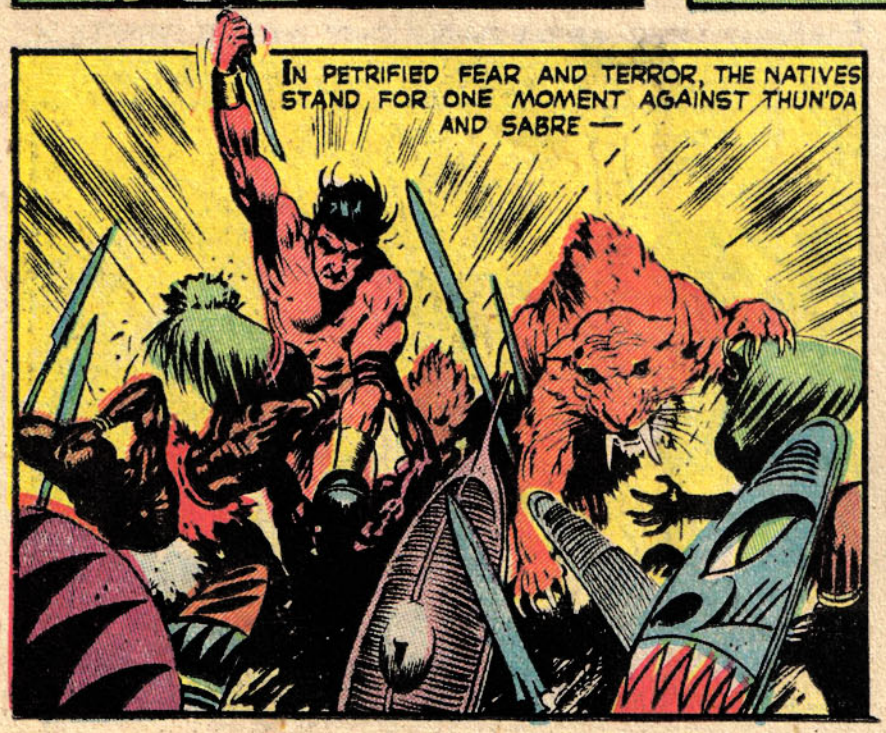



A RAGGED VOLLEY OF RIFLE FIRE TRIES TO BREAK THE SHIELD-WALL—AND FAILS!
THUNDA SAY —KILL!
KILL! KILL!
KILL!


THUN'DA? BUT I AM THUN'DA! THUN'DA, THE MIGHTY—KING OF THE JUNGLE WORLD! COME ON, SABRE!

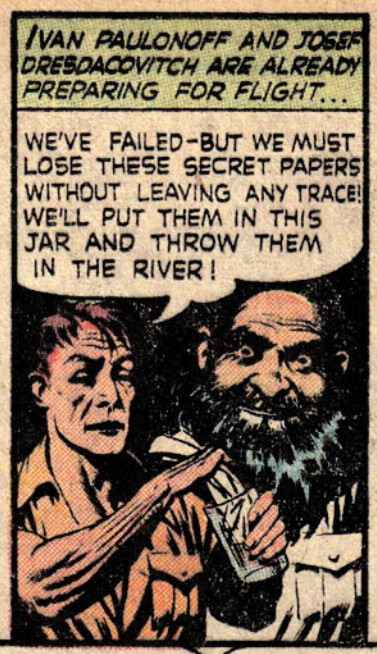
I AM THUN'DA! I AM THE JUNGLE GOD!


MAHBA AHILLA!
THE FATHER OF ALL TIGERS! AIEEEEE!
THIS MAN SPEAKS TRUTH! HE IS A JUNGLE GOD!


IN PETRIFIED FEAR AND TERROR, THE NATIVES STAND FOR ONE MOMENT AGAINST THUN'DA AND SABRE—

AND THEN, SCREAMING, THEY FLEE IN FEAR!
HE FIGHTS WITH THE FATHER OF TIGERS!
NO MAN CAN HARM HIM!
HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN STRONG WARRIORS!

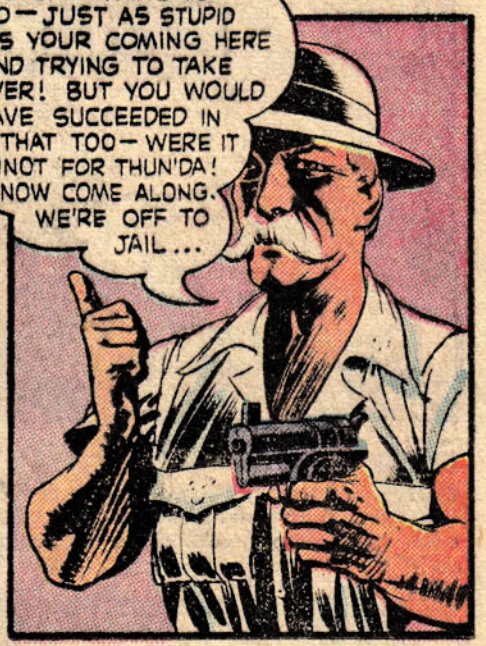
COME ALONG, VAN DYCK! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO CATCH THOSE RUSSIANS WITH THE GOODS! THE TRIBESMEN ARE RUNNING AND THE RUSSIANS WILL RUN SOON, TOO...

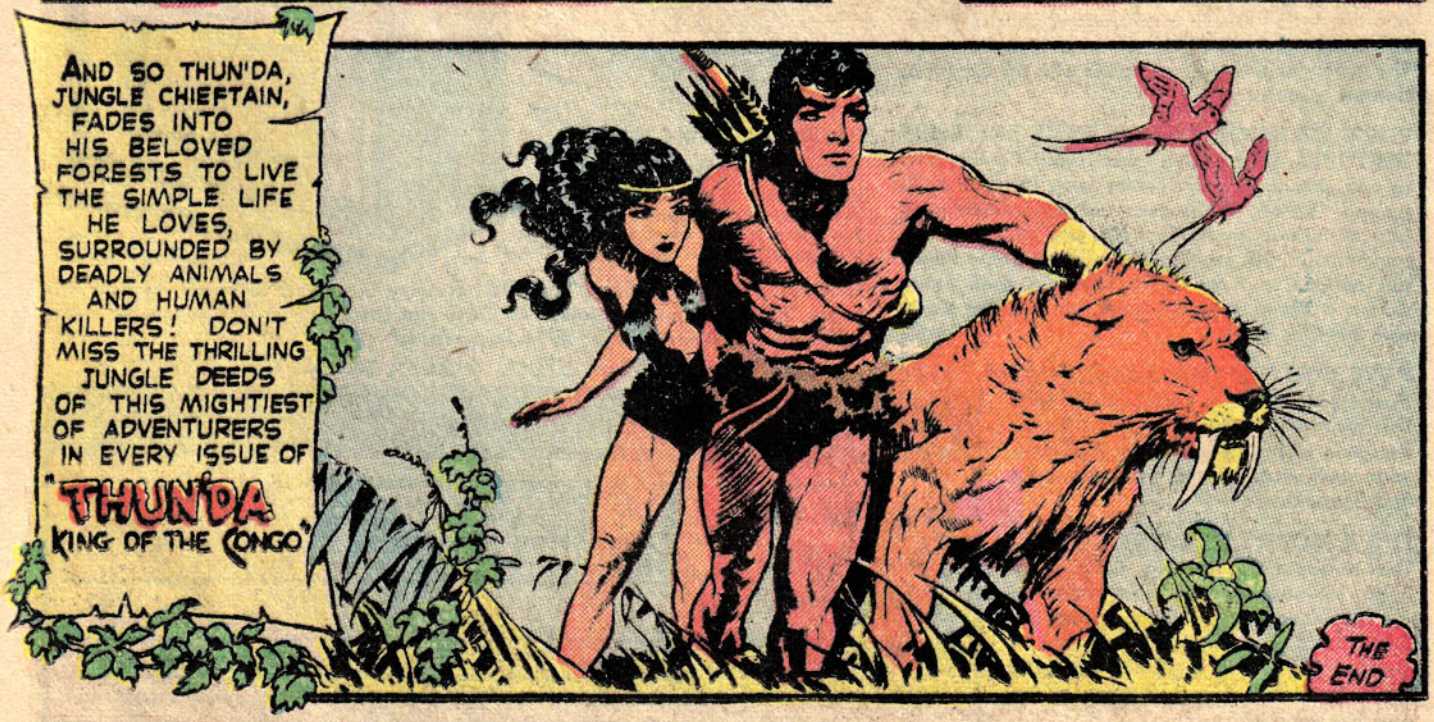

IVAN PAULONOFF AND JOSEF DRESDACOVITCH ARE ALREADY PREPARING FOR FLIGHT...
WE'VE FAILED—BUT WE MUST LOSE THESE SECRET PAPERS WITHOUT LEAVING ANY TRACE! WE'LL PUT THEM IN THIS JAR AND THROW THEM IN THE RIVER!

SOMEWHAT LATER...
YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN? YOU HAVE MADE YOUR SEARCH, AND FOUND NOTHING!
IT'S TRUE WE FOUND NO PROOF, BUT—

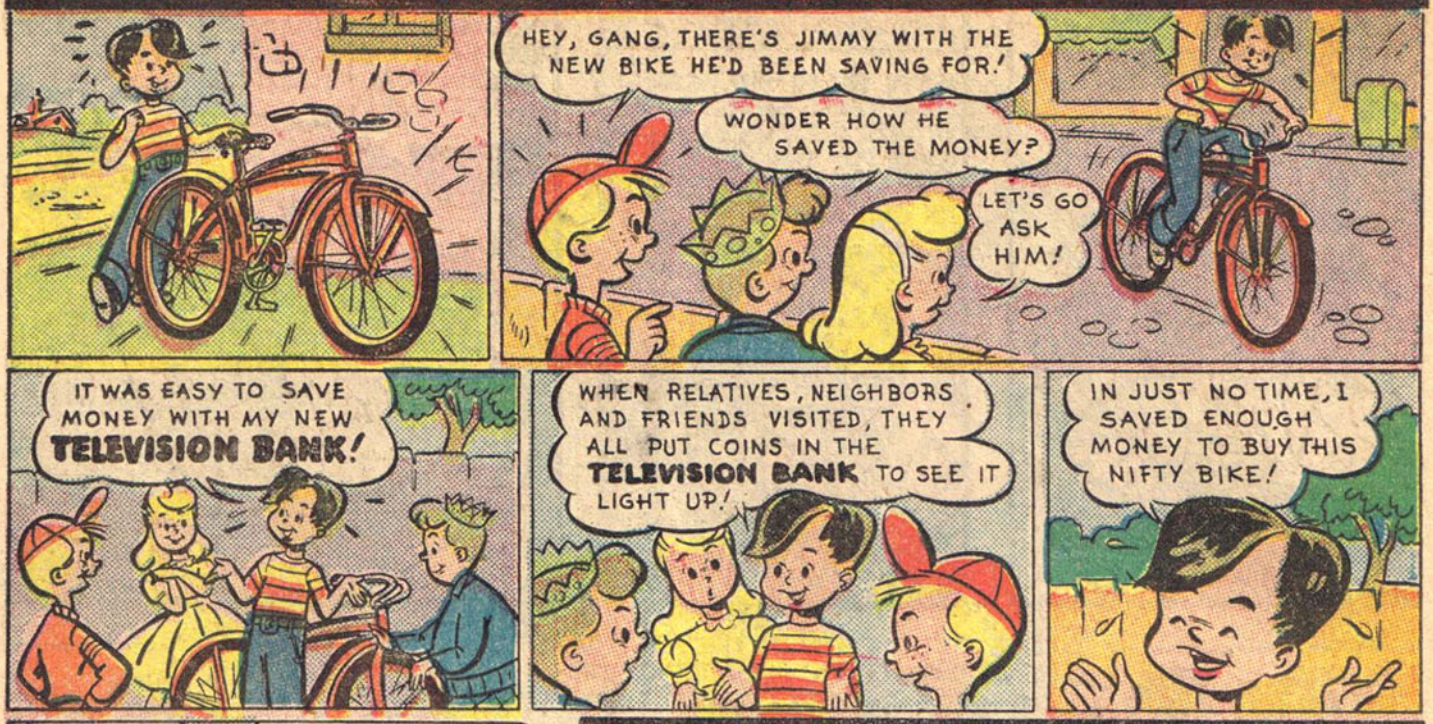
IS THIS THE PROOF YOU NEED?
OUR SECRET PAPERS! OUR ORDERS FROM MOSCOW! B-B-BUT I THREW THEM IN THE RIVER, IN THE JAR!

THE JAR FLOATED ON TOP OF THE WATER! I SAW IT, OPENED IT, AND BROUGHT IT HERE, FOR I HAD SEEN THIS JAR BEFORE AMONG THE EFFECTS OF THESE MEN!


A STUPID THING TO DO—JUST AS STUPID AS YOUR COMING HERE AND TRYING TO TAKE OVER! BUT YOU WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED IN THAT TOO—WERE IT NOT FOR THUN'DA! NOW COME ALONG. WE'RE OFF TO JAIL...


AND SO THUN'DA, JUNGLE CHIEFTAIN, FADES INTO HIS BELOVED FORESTS TO LIVE THE SIMPLE LIFE HE LOVES, SURROUNDED BY DEADLY ANIMALS AND HUMAN KILLERS! DON'T MISS THE THRILLING JUNGLE DEEDS OF THIS MIGHTIEST OF ADVENTURERS IN EVERY ISSUE OF "THUN'DA KING OF THE CONGO"
THE END

HOW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



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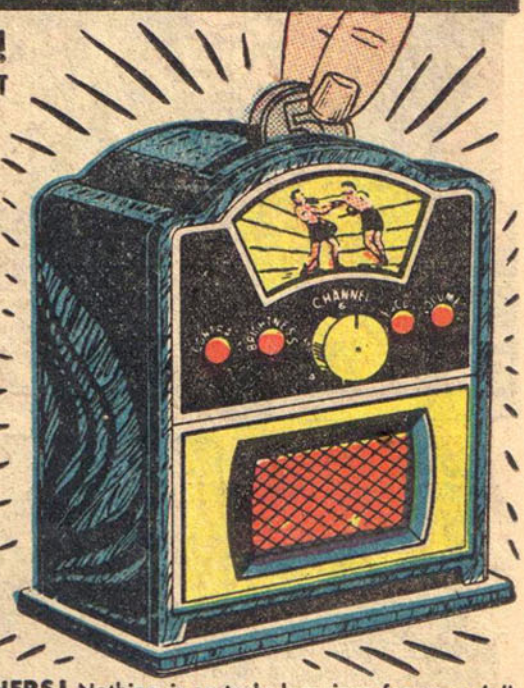

BIGGEST ATTRACTION EVER! Everyone will want to see this amazing new Television Bank. Your friends, relatives and neighbors can't resist putting in coins to see this sensational show!

LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN! Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling life with the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

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Dept. 51BO
2 Allen Street,
New York 2, N. Y.

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SOLID

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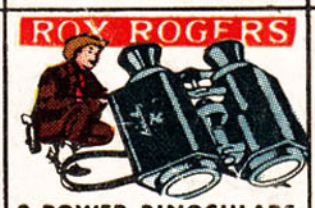

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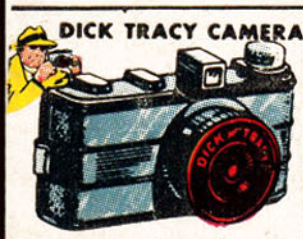

Camera, complete with carrying case. Sell only one order.

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